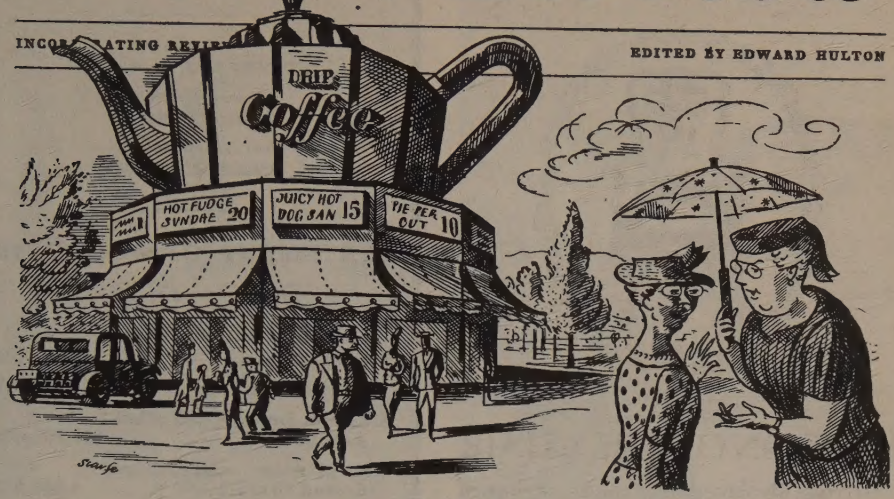
World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON



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MARCH 1942 PUBLISHED BY REVIEW OF REVIEWS LTD. 43 SHOE LANE, LONDON, EC4, CEN. 7400

Subscription rates: Inland, 20s. 6d. p.a., 10s. 3d. for six months; Foreign, 20s. p.a., 10s. for six months; Canada and Newfoundland, 19s. 6d. p.a., 9s. 9d. for six months; U.S.A., $4.75 p.a.

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STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1941

LIABILITIES	£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	687,206,091
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	4,886,593
Engagements	9,815,130
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England ...	75,553,266
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	30,257,946
Money at Call and Short Notice	22,214,419
Bills Discounted (British Treasury Bills £30,196,989)	33,461,839
Treasury Deposit Receipts	159,000,000
Investments	206,146,013
Advances & other Accounts	169,812,486
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc. ...	14,701,723
Bank Premises	9,089,436
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Shares in Affiliations: Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. North of Scotland Bank Ltd. ... ... Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd. ...	8,302,416

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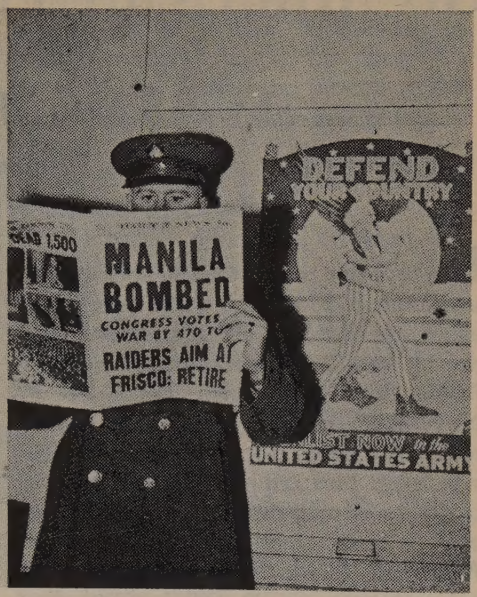
America goes to War

'Hoop là! helps Britain'



News

Converting a skirt into trousers

Shouldering the burden

An American Thinks Aloud . . .

by CRAIG THOMPSON

Edward Hulton lease-lends his column to an American guest-thinker, London Correspondent of the 'New York Times'

It is probable that in the career of every man there is a moment when the future hangs suspended on a thin and ravelling thread. Such a moment came to Franklin Roosevelt in the small hours of a November morning in 1928. Still recovering from the eight-year illness which left him crippled, he had reluctantly agreed to be candidate for governor of New York State as running mate to Alfred E. Smith, who was then his political hero. Smith was seeking the presidency which Roosevelt now has, Roosevelt the governorship which Smith then had held four terms. The votes had been cast and the counting was nearly finished. Smith, whom Roosevelt had called the 'Happy Warrior', had conceded the election to Herbert Hoover, and gone off to whatever solace there is for a defeated brave. He had even conceded the loss of New York State, and Roosevelt's opponent, a man whose name I remember as Ottinger, called for the same concession on the Governorship.

The scene is still bright in my memory. Sitting in his wheel-chair with his wife at one elbow and his honey-haired daughter Anna at the other, Roosevelt shook his massive head and laughed. His chances really seemed hopeless, but his laughter was that of a man who had just heard a belly-shaking joke. 'Tell Ottinger,' he said when he had stopped, 'we didn't come this far to quit.' Watching him, I remember thinking 'The man doesn't know when he's beaten'. He won that election, when all the votes had finally been counted, by so narrow a margin as to afford practically no victory at all.

The man who is today, with Winston Churchill, one of the two acknowledged leaders of the English-speaking world, resumed his long interrupted career that morning. Four years later he went to the White House. Now, had he not been Governor of New York, the chances are that he would not have become President. Had he conceded that election, his tally watchers would have lost interest and, the margin being as small as it was, he might easily have been counted out.

HIS OWN HAPPY WARRIOR

Often Roosevelt is gayest when the fighting is hardest. He became President at a time when the economic structure of the United States was dangerously near chaos. Banks were exploding like disturbed mines, and jobless people living in a land more richly endowed by nature to supply the wants of man than almost any other on this earth, everywhere faced cold and ragged hunger. Roosevelt saw his problem as arising from maldistribution of wealth. He attacked it with spectacular courage. When any man undertakes a fight against purse and privilege, he can expect nothing but enmity from those possessing either. Roosevelt undertook social reforms on

such a lavish scale and in such a lightning rush that he made many mistakes, was forced many times to change his course, and battled against a campaign of vilification and condemnation such as has been turned on few men in our times.

A suggestion of his equanimity through some of these trying days is contained in a story involving Eugene Grace, chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Company. Grace headed a delegation which had called at the White House to protest against some regulations that obviously were going to affect the company profits. Looking up blandly, Roosevelt asked 'Gene, tell me, how much did you make last year?' 'You mean personally?' Grace asked. 'Yes,' the President replied. Grace supplied the figure, one that was well above $100,000. 'Well,' Roosevelt said with a disarming smile, 'you'll never make that much again.'

This man who has fought and beaten two powerful enemies—infantile paralysis and those jealous guardians of privilege and wealth—has now entered the most critical fight of his life. It is good, and should be comforting, to realise that the quality of tenacity is at the corner-stone of his character. He will need it now more than ever before.

MEN AND CRITICS

THE critical word for tenacity is stubbornness, and the angry manner of calling a man stubborn is to describe him as pig-headed. When Churchill went to the United States he was accorded a reception which left no doubt that the public regarded him as a hero of great proportions. It is likely that if Roosevelt visited England a similar demonstration might be made for him. Yet in the United States Roosevelt has a cacophonous retinue of choleric dissenters larger than that which keeps the Prime Minister so orally active in Commons and at least as articulate. By coincidence which probably could be traced to roots in the democratic process, these come from essentially the same groups—politicians who must keep in practice, labourites who are not getting all they want and spokesmen for capital who, from a totally different viewpoint, feel themselves frustrated.

This is, indeed, a sad state of affairs if only because the time both men spend in answering their critics deprives them of the opportunities of making even more mistakes than are charged against them. There is a solution which merits more consideration than it is likely to receive. Why not transfer the Prime Minister to the White House and the President to Whitehall? Given a day or two during which each could become familiar with the different titles under which people in the two capitals do similar jobs, they would drop into the routine without hitch. Then the Prime Minister could try his sarcasm on the gimlet-minded White House correspondents, and the President could turn his charm on the honourable and gallant men of Parliament.

EMERALD CRUCIBLE

THERE is another tenacious man who was born in the same state as Roosevelt (New York) and in the same year (1882). His name is Eamon De Valera, and he, too, has his critics. Those who are near enough to sting, which is to say those who live in Eire, find themselves muzzled by De Valera's censorship which is rigid, thorough and incredibly exclusive. Their voices are like the sounds a man might make blowing bubbles through his bitter. The far more numerous groups outside the

Face to face with the critics. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill with the boys of the press

Emerald Isle are conveniently or pugnaciously ignored. All his life De Valera has fought for the things he wanted with tenacity as vicious as Roosevelt's and sometimes with personal violence utterly unknown to the aristocratic squire of Hyde Park. Just now De Valera wants peace, or, putting it more accurately, to stay out of the war. His fellow native of New York wants bases in Eire. De Valera sees with frightening clarity that giving them up means getting in the war. An experiment to determine whose tenacity is toughest has already been projected and the Emerald Isle becomes the crucible into which the first ingredient has already been poured.

Soldiers of the United States army are now encamped in Ulster. If we accept De Valera's view, which is that all Ireland is 'Eire' and the geographical line enclosing the Six Counties as grievous a thing as Hotspur's monstrous cantle, then, by logic—that poor bruised thing—De Valera must consider that the United States army has taken up stations in his neutral country. In fact, this is the substance of what he said the day after the doughboys landed. But the time is late for talk; and it would seem that the next move is De Valera's. Therein one finds a bit of humour which, if not wholly unintentional, is the work of a genius who deserves to have his present anonymity dissolved. For the obvious purpose of avoiding offensive nomenclature, the American contingent was not called the American Expeditionary Force, which normally would have been its name, but was given the designation of United States Armed Forces in the British Isles. The rage for abbreviation which has afflicted governments too long and made well-informed people often sound like idiots with an alphabetical fixation, shortened this long title into the U.S.A.F.B.I. Now the first three letters of that, as everybody knows, stand for

the United States of America; and in the United States the second three letters represent the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Well, anyway, Roosevelt made the first move.

BAFFLED ENQUIRER

FOR twenty-seven months, that is from September 1939 until December 1941, it was the custom of Eire's leading men to say to Britain, 'You had better not do this, or that, because if you do our friends the Americans won't like it'. The millions of dollars America poured into the Irish fight for independence, and the numbers of Irish-Americans afoot in the world, made that sort of thing sound pretty credible, as indeed it likely was. Then America came into the war and the picture changed. A few days before the Americans landed I spent some time in Dublin talking to this person and that.

When I asked about the Allied use of Eire's harbours and fields as sea and air bases I quite frankly expected to be told something like this: 'We won't give them up to the British because we can't trust them to get out when their time is up. But if the Americans ask for them, then that is a different matter'. Was that the sort of talk I actually heard? It was not. First I was told that the bases would not be given up in any case because to do so meant getting in the war. Then I was told that the British weren't bad fellows at bottom, besides which, from long experience, the Irish knew how to deal with them while with the Americans there would be a disturbing and uncertain element of newness. Too, the British were a quiet and well-behaved lot, while the Americans had a reputation for lusty rowdiness, and might lay irreverent hands upon Irish colleens who were the rightful hereditary property of Irishmen, and that, indeed, would be a bad thing. The substance of it all was that the Irish wouldn't give up the bases at all, but if they did they'd give them up to the British rather than the Americans because as between the two they preferred the first. As an American, one of whose grandfathers was born on the ould sod, I reeled back to my hotel and began to throw whiskey into my face at pom-pom pace. Can anyone blame me for thinking that alcohol would help me clear my brain?

Subsequently I stood on a street corner and watched the Americans land. Beside me there stood a baggy old biddy who had quite obviously spent the preceding several hours in the pub behind us. From her choice of words it was as easy to tell that she was a Free Stater as it would have been to spot a drawling Southerner in Boston. When the first troops slogged by she greeted them with such extravagant affection that I said to myself, 'Well, now, here is the voice of the people, and all those birds in Dublin were pulling my leg'. The men had to march a distance equivalent, roughly, to two city squares before turning through another gate, and she walked along beside them. I did too. In those two blocks all her boisterous love vanished, and in its place came dislike so intense that even these calloused old ears tingled with the vituperation she heaped upon America and all its men wherever found and for all time. I could not throw off the belief that I'd learned about Ireland from her.

ANOTHER POST WAR PROBLEM

THE United States has enacted a price control bill, which the President signed the other day, that is sure to give Leon Henderson, its administrator, a rough and busy time in the months to come. Henderson is one of the more ardent New Dealers, leftist in a moderate way,

and tough. Only recently, when one large cigarette manufacturer sought to advance wholesale prices, he clapped a ceiling on prices to be charged by the entire industry, demonstrating his determination to be firm.

Through the operations of Lease-Lend and now the armament pool, the economies of Great Britain and the United States have become so intertwined that the avoidance of inflation is important, not only for the good of the United States but for Britain as well. Up to the end of November, goods of all descriptions transferred under Lease-Lend, most of it to Britain, amounted to £371,000,000. With every inflationary advance in the United States, Britain gets less material for the amount charged against it, a circumstance which should give most Britons a keen interest in Henderson's success, and certainly gives them a direct stake in his fight to beat down the ever-rising danger of inflation.

Price control must always entail a certain amount of rationing, and when the two go together, black markets follow. And these, or rather the results of them, are certainly likely to produce another of those 'post war problems'. The best way to illustrate what is meant is to use the Prohibition era. In the United States the people who catered to the human appetite for alcohol amassed great wealth. They were low people, of criminal minds and little or no education. They became accustomed to all the pleasures of money—fine clothes, fine automobiles, fine homes—and when alcoholic liquors ceased to be a source of income because it had once again become legal, they branched into labour racketeering, narcotic peddling, and a vast number of other enterprises detrimental to the community. Since the beginning of 1934 the United States has been fighting this ocean of well-organised and well-financed crime and filling the jails with such gentry as Waxy Gordon, who had a library of hundreds of finely bound books which he never read because he couldn't read.

Prohibition, in other words, put money into the hands of the wrong people. That is what the black markets do, too. On a recent night in London I went into one of the swankier night clubs and suddenly was struck with how much the faces round me resembled those seen in similar expensive places during the racketeers' hey-day, when the depression made the regular rich too poor to fritter away their few remaining dollars in these costly night boxes, and the gangsters were the principal customers.

In this London place the faces did not fit the clothes, and neither seemed to belong where they were. It was puzzling until Black Market as a source of money offered the solution. Now, these people are making money in a way that is condoned by their customers, just as the bootleggers were condoned by otherwise upright and respectable people who drank their liquor. The day will come when there will be no more black markets because there will be no more rationing and short supplies. By that time black marketeers will have become very much at home in surroundings they would never otherwise have known. Are they meekly going to go back to their old pre-war standards, or are they going to try to find other ways of keeping themselves in funds? Electing the latter, how else can they do it except in some form of illegality? And then . . . well, the future's pretty hard to see, but anyway another fat envelope can be added to the swelling dossier of post-war problems.

Making Up America's Mind

by Professor ARTHUR NEWELL

Professor Arthur Newell, Lecturer of the Associates for Anglo-American Understanding, President of the American Outpost in Great Britain, traces the gradual changes in America's mental and spiritual attitude towards the war, and forecasts her future part in the peace

EARLY last summer the Saturday *Evening Post* abandoned its isolationism. That was news. This weekly journal, founded by Benjamin Franklin and reaching an enormous circulation in America, had held to its position with tenacity. The change responded to a revolutionary movement of America's mind: also it corresponded to a profound change in America's total relationship to the war. Said the 'S.E.P.', in typical terseness: 'America's now like a man who's just jumped off the diving board: he hasn't hit the water yet, but he hasn't a ghost of a chance of getting back to the old board.' A miracle of public opinion was thereby recognised and ratified. In 1920, we Americans disappointed the hopes of the world by withdrawing into the isolated-mindedness from which we had emerged for the last year and a half of the last war. In 1939, when Americans were questioned about their part in the new war, most of them had a clear and hard answer: 'It's not ours—it's somebody else's war.' And yet within two years, the miracle had been wrought—we were *in* the war (whether realised or not), and on December 7, 1941, we were *at* war. If now we are asked: 'Will the miracle go on into the days after the war?' it would be a foolhardy American indeed who would give a cut-and-dried answer of sure prediction. The best guide is a genuine understanding of how this people have struggled through doubts and hesitations to win their present democratic conviction, more united than ever before in American history. Towards such understanding I wish to summon not merely the familiar voices of one or two outstanding men at the top, but a symposium of great and small, well-known and obscure, a cross-section of those Americans who have joined in the great debate.

* * *

The start was unpromising. 'My country was in the position of a football fan who yelled encouragement from the stand. That was not good enough,' said Harry Hopkins, months after the war broke in September 1939. True, bluff old Admiral Stirling had declared the day after Britain's declaration, 'Now America must get into the fray, and jump in with both feet.' But that was not the mood of the vast majority, who determined then and there that this time America was to stay out. Stuart Chase, that persuasive popular economist,

looked at the war with a cool, detached eye and wrote, 'If we avoid war . . . we shall build up no consuming hatreds, we shall make no commitments to guarantee the reeling boundary lines of Europe. We may be in a position to act as mediator when an exhausted Europe can fight no longer. We shall not risk taking on half the world in mortal combat. Political democracy will be maintained and regular elections held. Fellow citizens will not be tortured because they were born with German names. We shall miss a sense of national unity, and the savage thrill of winning victories. We shall also miss the grim experience of defeats, and of mounting casualty lists. For better or for worse we shall remain America, a strong and rock-bound citadel of democracy in a ruined world.'

The minority to whom that thesis seemed quite unworthy was not totally unprepared: not all Americans had buried their heads. Five years before, a prominent New York lawyer, Frederic R. Coudert, had anticipated one of Roosevelt's most striking analyses when he asked: 'With 90 per cent of the people of the world wanting peace, is it wise, is it honourable, is it safe for the people of the United States to refuse co-operation with that 90 per cent in preventing the other 10 per cent from engaging in a course destructive to that Western civilisation which we share in common with Europe and which we can develop to far greater heights through co-operation with the peoples of the world?' The day after the Munich pact was signed, S. E. Eisencher, a German-American business man of Milwaukee, said: 'The American people know that our peace is also at stake, that even now the weight of American diplomacy can still unite the democratic nations of the world to stop fascism without having to resort to arms. And they know that only in this way can America's peace and security be assured.'

Likewise, Roosevelt and Hull had been staking out claims for the future. In addition to the President's kite-testing 'Quarantine' speech and his later pledge of assistance to Canada (forerunner of full-fledged Canadian-American joint defence) Mr. Hull had declared in the spring of 1938: 'We may seek to withdraw from participation in world affairs, but we cannot thereby withdraw from the world itself. Isolation is not a means to security; it is a fruitful source of insecurity. . . . Prudence and common sense dictate that where this and other nations have common interests and common objectives we should not hesitate to exchange information and to confer with the Governments of such other nations and, in dealing with the problems confronting each alike, to proceed along parallel lines.' But the Government had not felt able to move too far in advance of popular reluctance to make fixed commitments.

With the outbreak of war, far-seeing publicists like Walter Lippmann were not happy about our country's neutrality. In November 1939, Lippmann put his trouble thus: 'The American nation will never be satisfied with a neutrality of fear; or one which makes them shame-faced because they have no worthy reason for staying out of the battle; or one which asks them to believe that there is no difference between right and wrong; or one which asks them to condone enormous evil by remembering lesser evils; or one which appears only to offer them a storm-cellar in which they may take refuge from their human obligations.

'What they want is a neutrality which

restricts the war and preserves the peace, shortens the war and hastens a settlement, contracts the war and then makes possible a good peace. They want a neutrality in which they may do a man's work in conserving their civilisation. And if they are denied such a neutrality, they will find neither security nor honour nor peace of mind, and they will become morally sick and spiritually embittered as their moral energies are repressed and frustrated, as in their secret hearts they do not feel they have been equal to their dignity as men.' Here, you may say, is patent and slightly pathetic rationalising. But note also the sounding of a deep moral concern which was to make itself increasingly felt in succeeding months. Not so the New York *Daily News*: 'If we can keep our heads screwed on as tight in this country as England did during the Thirty Years War, we may be able to come out of this period of spreading turmoil, as the World's Number One Power. If we do go in to fight, of course, we can expect to go down in the general wreck which Europe is making of itself.' Nor Harry Woodring, then Secretary of War: 'As far as my influence in the counsels of this Government may prevail no son of mine or yours will be called on to serve as a blood offering at the altar of Mars. American military policy is based on the defence of our territory and institutions, not on an offensive against any other country under God's heaven.

'We shall probably be able to insulate our country against the conflicts now raging. We must shield the precious torch of American liberty from the gusts of war. One result of any prolonged conflict may well be the extinguishing of democracy in Europe and Asia.' His 'influence in the counsels of this Government' was short-lived, for he was soon supplanted by the Republican, Colonel Stimson, a man of quite a different influence.

* * *

Foreign-born naturalised Americans expressed their hatred of dictatorships, their gratitude to democracy. Here are some of the opinions they have voiced in *I am an American:*

THOMAS MANN, born in Germany; Nobel Prize novelist: 'No one could live in America as long as my family and I have without realising that America is the possessor of a definite national unit, a communal spirit of loyalty peculiar to itself'.

ALBERT EINSTEIN, born in Germany; Nobel Prize physicist: 'I feel that in America the most valuable thing in life is possible—development of the individual and his creative powers'.

IGOR SIKORSKY, born in Russia; aircraft designer: 'As long as I can climb on a soap box and say what I please, even to criticising the Government, why then, America is still America!'

WILLIAM KNUDSEN, born in Denmark; industrialist, defence leader: 'We all came here to find independence and self-expression as much as wealth. Americans would laugh the pretensions of a dictatorship out of countenance'.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, born in France; movie star: 'Except for taxes, being an American has been nothing but gravy for me.'

EMIL LUDWIG, born in Germany; biographer: 'America's fitness and willingness for humour is her great antidote against dictators'.

* * *

The months of American spectatorship of the 'phoney war' were suddenly ended with the Blitz upon Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium. Millions of Americans woke to stark reality. The 3,000-mile Atlantic wall of security was seen for what it is. Lippmann rediscovered his rôle of major prophet, and wrote in *Life*, even before France finally collapsed, an article that stirred the country: 'Isolation was the product, not of geography, but of great statesmanship (which) depended upon the supremacy of the combined fleets of Britain and

America in the Atlantic Ocean. The only period of isolation we have ever enjoyed was in the comparatively short period when there was no great war for the mastery of the world. Whatever we do we are obviously involved in the present war. In seeking to separate ourselves from the great wars of Europe, we cannot rely upon the Atlantic Ocean. It has never been a barrier to involvement in war. Oceans are not a barrier. They are a highway. We have looked upon a vast expanse of salt water as if it were a super-Maginot line. The ocean is a highway for those who control it. The period of our splendid isolation has ended. This, then, is the hour of our destiny when it will be decided how much of our great inheritance we are able and willing to defend.' William Bullitt, returning from his post as Ambassador to France, put it in more homely fashion when he declared: 'We have to think hard in the old American way—with cracker-barrel common sense. So long as the British Navy continues to hold the Germans and Italians on the other side of the Atlantic, while our Fleet watches in the Pacific, we have the practical equivalent of a two-ocean navy. This is the situation today. But if the British Navy were eliminated, we should have a one-ocean navy—and we would still have two oceans to defend. And a one-ocean navy can cover two oceans just about as well as one pair of pants can cover two pairs of legs!'

Now the tug-of-war was on in earnest —for the mastery of American opinion as the decisive factor in shaping policy. Kennedy went home and joined the forces against American 'involvement'. Here is how he, himself, stated his purpose: 'I will devote myself to the greatest cause in the world today—the preservation of the American form of democracy—that is, to help the President to keep the United States out of war'. The 'America First Committee' intensified its heavily-subsidised campaign under four widely-heralded aims:

1. America must build impregnable defences.
2. No foreign Power can successfully attack a prepared America.
3. Sending weapons overseas weakens U.S.A.
4. America's democracy can be preserved only by keeping put of a European War.

Ironically, 'America First' was headed by General Wood of Sears-Roebuck, the great mail-order company, whose chief buyer, Donald Nelson, is now the driving power of America's mounting production.

Even some isolationists frankly weakened. Senator Vandenberg, admitting that America had 'traded neutrality for non-belligerency', urged 'all possible help for the Allies short of war or impairing the United States' own defences. Americans can no longer be isolationist, though we may still be insulationists'. A short time before, five hundred scientists had sent a Peace resolution to the President. Now, many of them put out a counter statement registering a 'change of heart'. Their spokesman, Dr. W. B. Cannon, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, explained: 'We know now that there is a powerful wild beast on the rampage in the world. No one is safe. I am willing to go as far as anyone in protecting the United States from danger.'

On the eve of war *Look* published some predictions for 1942 by American journalists and broadcasters. There is no

doubt on which side they ranged themselves.

> THIS will be the deciding year of war, in which events will turn the tide against Germany

wrote Harry Flannery, and Raymond Gram Swing went further:

> WINTER cold and famine will desolate vast regions of Europe, with the heaviest toll in that part of the Soviet Union under Nazi control.
>
> Germany will offer peace decked in terms appealing to British pride, American idealism and Europe's pitiful need for recovery. Either the person of Hitler will be removed by his own promise to retire, or the Army will oust him. The peace offer will be rejected.
>
> Subsequent continuance of the war will lead to disintegration of German home morale.

Raymond Clapper prophesied:

> ENGLAND will get a spring blitz, with gas.

And John Whitaker:

> WITHIN a month of mid-March Hitler will invade Spain, Portugal and North Africa—which are vital to his war against America.

Thus did the mind of America move, against its will—nearer to the war. Nazi disregard of ordinary decencies, coupled with the dogged stand of the British against their ordeal by fire and bomb, stiffened America's moral resolve. Lippmann said: 'The British have restored new meaning to old words like valour and fortitude.' The staunch Senator Pepper declared on the floor of the Senate: 'I should be ashamed if posterity should read the history of these days and find us indifferent to civilisation's collapse and civilisation's values.' As if in answer, Robert Sherwood, in his play *There Shall be no Night*, which swept New York, said through one of his characters: 'We are not hearing the death-rattle of civilisation, but the last desperate struggle of the dying brute in man'.

The President watching, shrewd judge of his people's changing mood, saw Americans slowly but unmistakably aroused. At each succeeding step, his own leadership and well-timed speeches wielded decisive influence. Lease-Lend, destroyers for bases, the Atlantic naval patrol, Greenland, Iceland, 'shoot-at-sight'. No wonder the *San Francisco Chronicle*, in its editorial as early as March 15th, was able to write: 'We are Allies. We have not entered the fighting part of the war, but in every other respect we are in it on the side of Britain, Greece and China against the Axis.'

Of course, many saw any policy that sought to go beyond 'aid to Britain' as not only undesirable to America but a detriment to Britain. *Fortune*, magazine of big business, summarised that position: 'The stern facts that keep the United States out of war in Europe are: First, we lack a theatre in which to fight; second, Britain needs material more than men; and, third, we have no army.

'What counts is the spirit in which aid to Britain is undertaken. If it is done with realistic coolness as a matter of subsidising someone else to fight a delaying war that he chooses to fight anyway, then it can help the United States. This may seem cynical, not to say cold-blooded. Yet the British and the Chinese cannot very well complain.

'The United States will not have an army ready for two years. If we were to declare war on Japan today it would actually hurt England, and if we were actually to ally ourselves with England we might seal the doom of Malaya and Australia and so deliver a mortal blow to Britain's will to resist.'

This was vigorously assailed by others who pleaded for a fuller partnership than could be given by mere weapons from the arsenal of democracy. So, Herbert Agar said bitingly: 'Let's not be lotus-eaters who dream all is well

because out last Ally hasn't yet bled to death'.

Elmer Davis hinted in *Look* at the probable results of too little help to Britain:

> ENGLAND stands a good chance of coming out of this war a much healthier nation, morally and intellectually, than she has been for a long time past: but England will be terribly weakened and impoverished, and it is open to doubt whether the British Isles will ever again be able to support as large a population as grew up there through the happy combination of circumstances produced by nineteenth-century economics.

The *New York Herald Tribune*, always in the van, added, 'Don't treat Britain as a pauper, and subject her to a means test.' While Quentin Reynolds, arriving in New York after his revealing months in England, said in an interview: 'We're in danger of giving Britain all support—short of help'.

Wendell Willkie (nothing, bear in mind, but German blood in his veins) was squarely behind the President whom he had fought for re-election. His only criticism was that things weren't moving fast enough. 'Let's wipe out the ugly sound of isolationism,' he said. Supporting the Congressional grant of unprecedented powers to the President, he recorded his conviction before a Senate Committee that 'if Britain collapses, within a few years the free way of life will pass from America; then even I, who opposed the election of Roosevelt with all the resources of my being, would grant to him such extraordinary powers. . . . I who was opposed to Roosevelt, call upon all Americans to give him such power in this most severe crisis in the history of America, so that we can debate with him again in another election!'

* * *

Hitler's attack upon Russia was the signal for a fresh isolationist spurt against American participation. 'If ever there was justification for our intervention in arms,' wrote the *Chicago Tribune*, 'that justification no longer exists. We can face our problems calmly confident that Great Britain is in no immediate danger'. Such callous complacency was nipped in the bud by Sumner Welles' strong endorsement of Churchill's immediate alignment with Russia, with ideological problems set aside. But the opposition was quick to seize upon the new opportunity to whip up anti-Communist sentiment. They over-reached themselves. Fresh attacks were levelled against the reality and strength of British democracy. Kennedy had already been reported in an off-record interview (which he denied) as having said: 'British democracy is washed up.' To which Lawrence Tweedy, President of the American Chamber of Commerce in London, retorted: 'Picture us here in London as optimistic as ever, and not agreeing with the alleged statement of a recent resident that England is virtually defeated, and her Democracy dead—and that isn't off the record, either!'

Then Lindbergh ran amok with his anti-Semitic outburst, which drew down upon his head the condemnation of even Hearst, who wrote, 'This sounds like the things Hitler said in the early [*sic*] days of his régime. Lindbergh has done more to incite hatred, bitterness and mutual distrust than any other person. What he said should have no place in the mouth or mind of any American'.

It was the beginning of the end of effective opposition by the isolationists. With the sinking of American ships, even Wheeler announced in the Senate: 'If I felt that Hitler was really out to dominate the world, as Administration supporters say, I would be in favour of declaring war tomorrow.'

The demand for more positive action grew stronger. Speaking for business, *Fortune* moved forward with the reluctant declaration: 'There are dangers, we believe, that were not present even in 1917. They are dangers that Americans have not wanted to face. But we must face them now, or perish. We must face them in the workshops and the banks and the editorial offices and the labour halls.' Said Willkie, 'Let us stop deluding ourselves. The United States must abandon hope of peace. Unless we act soon it will be too late'. And the Secretary of Agriculture, Claude Wishard, certainly spoke for the Cabinet when he said: 'If America wants to be a great nation, let's act like one. We don't like to be all the time pushed around by events. Why not push events around ourselves for a change?'

So we moved through the autumn headed inevitably for the war—'not a ghost of a chance to get back to the old diving board'. How long it would have taken America's mind to reach full participation is now an academic question. Pearl Harbour took care of that. We're in. Most of the isolationists jumped on the band-wagon with alacrity. Erwin Canham wrote to the *Spectator* from Washington: 'Every detail, from Manila to Berlin, served to arouse, unify, infuriate and steel Americans. "Aid to Britain" automatically passes from the language. In defending ourselves we fight humanity's battle today. We are prepared for whatever lies ahead.' Well, a lot lies ahead.

We're proud to be at last full partner with the British. We remember that simple but eloquent word of John Winant in his first speech as Ambassador: 'It is the honour and destiny of the British people to man the bridgehead of humanity's hopes. It is your destiny to say, "Here you shall not pass". You have said so little—you have done so much. It is all part of a soldier's faith—to have known great things and to be content with silence.' Said Dorothy Thompson on her return from Britain: 'I have come back reborn, because I have seen a reborn nation.' America is today also being reborn. I believe it is the surest guarantee that this time we shall stay firm and steady at the end of the war, to help you and all those now fighting with us, in order that together we may fashion a fabric that will not again tear apart. We shall have to be fully prepared for isolationism to do its worst to drag us off; it is bound to, indeed it has already begun. That must be resisted like the plague. For you and we have not only one another to live with and work with, but a whole world as well. It is our calling to lift our vision beyond the provincial, or national. Again listen to John Winant: 'The common ideals of the English-speaking peoples of this world are not ideals from which other peoples of the world are excluded. They are ideals which are alien in no country that loves liberty and hates tyranny. They are ideals which are common to all men and women of this earth who do justice, who love mercy, and who walk humbly with God.'

Influences on American Thought

by Professor ARTHUR GOODHART

Professor Goodhart's varied career has been divided between England and the United States. He has been Editor of the Cambridge Law Journal, Visiting Professor at Yale, and Fellow of English and American Universities. He is an authority on English, American and Continental Law

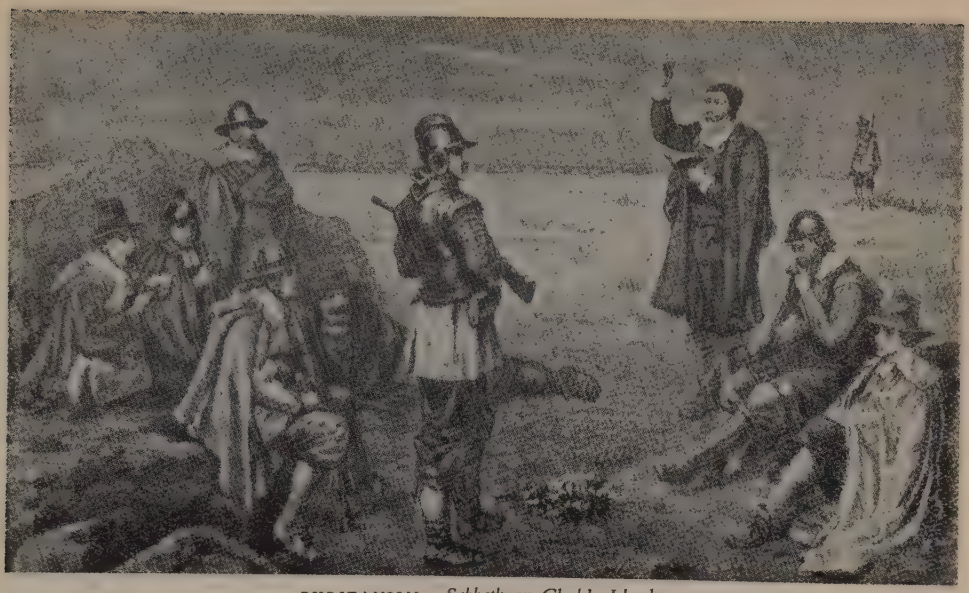
In a recent speech, Ambassador Winant, in speaking about Anglo-American relations, said: 'The first and fundamental task is to understand one another, by learning and teaching on both sides of the ocean all that is best in the differences, as well as those things that are common to us, in our history, our civilization, and our ways of life.'

It would not be difficult to make a catalogue of some of the differences, in thought and action, between the average Englishman and the average American, but this would not explain why these differences exist. To do that, it is necessary to consider what have been the dominant influences which have moulded the American way of life in the past, and to see where they contrast with those which have affected the English. They have, of course, varied from time to time in the force they have exerted, with the result that the course of American thought has not always been consistent.

PURITANISM

The earliest and strongest influence on American thought was that of Puritanism. This has also affected English thought, but the difference in degree is so marked that it amounts almost to a difference in kind. In England, except for a brief period during the time of the Commonwealth, Puritanism has been a minority religion. It was regarded with hostility by those in power, and it has been derided by the majority of novelists and poets. Most of the references to Puritanism in English literature are uncomplimentary, and even its more obvious virtues have been recognized with bad grace: Butler's *Hudibras* is typical of the picture of the Puritan as seen by his countrymen. On the other hand, when the Puritan migrated to America he remained dominant in New England for over two centuries, and when later some of his descendants moved on to the Middle West they carried his ideas and traditions with them—with some modifications.

Puritanism was not only a religion: it was also a philosophy of life, and it is because of this second aspect that it has played so preponderant a rôle in the American scene. Its virtues have been taught to the American people in poetry, essays and novels, and have been dramatised in the biographies of many of its national heroes. It was the faith of



PURITANISM. *Sabbath on Clark's Island*

those stern men and women who founded the colonies in the bleak New England climate, and who conquered the land from the Indians. They crossed the Atlantic, not for the sake of money or of adventure, but because they believed passionately in the freedom of conscience. When they left England they knew the life they had chosen would not be an easy one.

The first influence which Puritanism has had on American thought has therefore been to instil the realisation that life is a serious thing. In his verse 'Life is real! Life is earnest!' Longfellow summed up the New England philosophy. In this view, the man who did not fill each hour with some useful work was committing a sin. It was work which the Puritans understood and admired, because in it a man could express his whole being. The man of leisure was regarded with contempt, for he was wasting God's precious substance. This spirit is still a part of American life, and the wholehearted enthusiasm with which an American throws himself into whatever he is doing, is an expression of this moral urge. He even regards his play more seriously than the average Englishman does: he puts every effort into his attempt to win, and finds difficulty in understanding the attitude that it does not matter who scores provided only that the game is enjoyable. Mark Twain has described this same seriousness in the American tourist who feels that he must see every item of interest, however uninteresting it may be, and who feels that he must 'keep going' at all cost. Wendell Phillips summed up this view of life when he said that 'What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action', and action has been the American ideal ever since.

A second tenet of the Puritan faith was the belief in individual responsibility. No man could be saved except by his own efforts, nor could he shelter behind the judgment of another. It therefore was his moral duty to be free. Although the Puritan was not always ready to

accord this freedom to others, he insisted on it for himself. Liberty for him was not only a method of living the life he wanted, but was an essential part of his religious thought. Thus the idea of liberty was given a deep moral connotation for the American, and has become the basic principle of his political ideals. In time he extended to others what he claimed for himself, and he developed an almost missionary urge to foster liberty in other countries.

This desire for freedom must not, however, be confused with licence. Few men have ever been more firmly convinced than were the Puritans of the value of law as a shield against the arbitrary acts of individual rulers. Cicero's phrase that 'we are the slaves of the law in order that we may be free', was translated in the Massachusetts Constitution as 'the Government of laws and not of men.' The Puritan was an intensely legalistic person, insisting uncompromisingly on his common law rights.

The final influence of Puritanism can be summed up in the word *simplicity*. The austerity of life in New England was not due solely to the hardships which the Pilgrims had to face: it was based in part on their belief that there was something wrong in the lighter and more decorative facets of life. This feeling still plays a definite part in American thought, although it is no longer as marked as it was. In the best Colonial architecture there is found a notable simplicity of style which makes its effect by line rather than by ornament. Similarly the best American literature has been the most homely, both in subject matter and in style. Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* is the classic illustration of this. But in a wider sense simplicity is part of the American ideal of life. Here again Lincoln is the example because he represents the natural, unadorned goodness of heart which, it is optimistically believed, is typical of the common people. This inter-relation between virtue, simplicity and democracy is a part of Puritan ideology which has had, and still has today, an important effect on American political and social thought.

'THE FRONTIER'

The second major influence on American life has been that of the 'Frontier', which has sometimes been complementary to and sometimes been in conflict with that of Puritanism. Although the 'Frontier' itself came to an end over fifty years ago, its spirit lives.

When we speak of the pioneer we are inclined to think of the explorer and the trapper, such as Daniel Boone and Kit Carson, but they played only a minor, although highly dramatic, rôle in American history. The real pioneer was the farmer who crossed the Appalachian Mountains to settle in the Ohio valley, the ranchman who brought his cattle to the prairies and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and the miner who sought for gold, silver and copper in the Far West. All these had certain characteristics in common which make up the 'Frontier' spirit.

The pioneer was essentially an adventurer, and he displayed to a remarkable degree the qualities and faults of that courageous, energetic type of man. He was an individualist, if ever there was one, and his strongest passion was for freedom. He refused to be bound by the conventions and traditions of the past, and disregarded those laws which he felt were an undue fetter on his activities. The reckless and lawless strain in American life stems from him. His individualism found another expression in his intense faith in democracy.

It was the frontier which finally

INDIAN WARFARE

Anne Hutchinson and her family massacred at Annie's Hoeck, near New Rochelle, September 1643

established democracy, in the sense of equality, in American life. President Andrew Jackson, with his courage, stubbornness, and belief that each man was as good as his neighbour, was the typical frontiersman, and his election in 1829 marked what might be called the second American Revolution. The Revolution against England gave independence to the Colonies, but it was not until the Jacksonian periods that democracy became one of the major tenets of American faith.

Although a passionate individualist, the pioneer had a strong sense of the duty which he owed to his neighbour. If the latter was in trouble he was always ready to help him, and the stranger who appeared for a night was held to be entitled to food and shelter. This spirit of co-operation was an essential part of frontier life because on it depended the defence against common dangers. This friendliness to strangers, which so often startles the foreign visitor, has remained an outstanding characteristic.

The odd result of these conflicting tendencies is that the American, although a strong individualist in many ways, is more influenced by the desire for the approval of his fellow men than is the average Englishman. As few Americans like to feel that they differ in any essential respect from the group to which they belong there is considerably more uniformity of thought in an American community than there is in an English one, where it is frequently a source of pride *not* to do what others have done. The Oxford don who went to Naples so as not to look at Vesuvius is, perhaps, an extreme example of this tendency.

Just as each pioneer had to rely on himself, so he also had to rely on his wife. The type of woman who was merely decorative was of no use when danger and hardship had to be faced. The pioneer woman had to make decisions for herself, and was a fully responsible being. Moreover in a frontier society, with its shortage of labour, women could, and

usually had to, earn their own living, so that they were freer than those who lived in more settled societies where the conventions required the wealthier ones to lead a sheltered existence. Bernard Shaw has emphasised in his plays that the economic independence of women inevitably leads to their social independence, and this was strikingly true of the West. There women have, from the beginning, been on an educational equality with men, for the universities which were founded in the early part of the nineteenth century began as co-educational institutions. Later their influence spread to the East. The American women have made full use of this advantage, with the result that they have taken the lead in many cultural fields.

No frontier now remains in the United States. It has left its imprint permanently on the life of the whole country, but even today the visitor will notice that the further west he goes the more clearly is it marked. It is for this reason that he is often warned that he must not accept the opinions of New York and Boston as representing those of the country at large.

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT

A third vital influence on American thought may be called the opportunity for advancement. In the more settled communities of Europe during the nineteenth century most men necessarily remained in the class into which they had been born. It was only the exceptional man who succeeded in raising himself, and it took some moral courage for him to do so. To a certain degree he was regarded with jealousy by his own people and with suspicion by those of the new class which he had entered. This tendency is illustrated by many books of this period; some of them emphasised the duty of being contented with one's position, while others, such as Dickens's *Great Expectations*, described the embarrassments of the newly successful man in his unaccustomed surroundings. In America, on the other hand, material success has always been regarded in quite a different light. While the early settlers had come to the Colonies largely to escape religious persecution in Europe, the immigrants in the nineteenth century came because they wished to better themselves and their children. As there were until recently almost unlimited opportunities for the energetic self-reliant man, it became a traditional part of American thought that it was the duty of every one to improve his position as far as possible. The Englishman who was proud to fill the same position which his great-grandfather had held was regarded with interest rather than with admiration.

This feeling that there is a duty to improve one's position has had a profound influence on American education. It accounts for the vast number of universities and colleges scattered throughout the United States. Last year there were over 1,400,000 students, the number of men being only slightly larger than that of the women. It is probable that only a small proportion of these really cared for education for its own sake; the type of education which most of them sought was directed primarily to the end of achieving practical success in life. As a result both the curriculum and the method of teaching at an American university tend to be more utilitarian than those at an English one. This difference was, however, more marked in the past than it is today. For one thing, the English universities are in their turn tending to become more utilitarian because the new type of student, who is now in the majority, is demanding that

education shall have a definite relation to practical contemporary life. On the other hand there has, in recent years, been a revolt against materialism in the American universities, with the result that there has been almost a renaissance in classical and philosophical learning.

This desire for self-advancement and self-improvement is not, of course, limited to the universities. It is illustrated, for example, by the astounding success of the popular books on philosophy, science, etc. Sinclair Lewis has satirised this desire for money and for culture in his novels *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Nor is there anything incongruous in placing money and culture in the same category, because neither is desired so much for its own sake as for the further opportunities which it offers. The wealthy miser is almost unknown in America; Russell Sage, who acquired a great fortune merely for the pleasure of accumulating it, was considered an eccentric character. The American millionaire has always felt the desire to do something constructive with his money—to endow a university, to build a hospital, or to create an art museum. He is carrying out the American idea that there is virtue in success.

The opportunity for advancement has also been responsible in large part for the energy of American life. There is nothing like a prize, especially one within reasonable reach, to induce persons to race. Work for work's sake may be an ideal, but it is only the unusual man who does not ask for something more concrete. Unless he sees that there is an opportunity for him, the ambitious man will gradually lose his enthusiasm. But in the past no ambitious boy in the United States had to seek far for an opening. The sometimes fevered activity of American life was, and is, due in large part to the feeling that there are opportunities which may slip by if they are not seized. Energy has therefore become almost a moral duty, and even those who would be happier doing nothing, feel that they must at least give the appearance of being active.

Opportunity for advancement has also had the direct result of increasing the independence of the individual man. It is a truism that economic circumstances may limit a man's freedom almost as much as physical or legal restraint. In the past it was comparatively easy for an American to change his work, although this has been exaggerated by some over-enthusiastic patriots. But, compared to European conditions, the opportunity for change was certainly unusually large, so that, in one sense, the American working man was freer than were those in Europe. This freedom had, however, one unfortunate result, which has not always been recognised. As soon as conditions became bad the more energetic men sought new fields, while the less fortunate or the less enterprising were left leaderless. This may account for the slow development of labour unions in the United States, for it is only recently that they have taken a prominent part in American life.

Today there is less opportunity for material success, with the result that life has become less strident. Americans are beginning to feel that the effort to succeed is not necessarily a moral duty, and that happiness may be as important as any prize. The highly nervous dyspeptic man who was regarded as the typical American only a generation ago is giving way to a more placid type, although no one could as yet describe the Americans as a nation of philosophers.

THE UNITED AMERICAN NATION

'A Pretty Darned Crew', from 'St. Stephen's Review', April 11, 1891, reproduced in 'Review of Reviews'

THE HETEROGENEOUS POPULATION

The fourth influence on American life has been the heterogeneous population. The United States is an extraordinary amalgam of mixed races: English, Irish, German, Italian, Jewish, Polish, etc. Each has contributed something, but on the whole their influence has been smaller than is sometimes thought. The immigrant has shown a passionate desire to become Americanised as soon as possible, and the second generation is usually indistinguishable from the American whose ancestors have been in the United States for generations. Thus, although the Italians in their native land are not addicted to strenuous sports, some of the finest athletes in America today are the sons of Italian immigrants. Perhaps the chief contributions which the non-British immigrants have brought to the United States lie in the field of music and art. It is here that the negro also has played a major part, for modern American music, especially of the more popular kind, owes much to him.

THE CLIMATE

Finally there is the climate. It is difficult to assess its influence, as sociologists are not as yet in agreement concerning the effect that it may have on the life of a country. Undoubtedly the energy of the Americans is due in some part to the stimulating air, especially along the Eastern coast and in the Far West, but this may be exaggerated. The American who is transplanted to a more relaxing climate nevertheless continues to pursue his strenuous course.

These various influences, which have led to the many differences between English and American thought, are all less marked today than they were one hundred, or even fifty years ago. Puritanism is no longer the dominant religion, the frontier has disappeared, and the opportunities for advancement are, unfortunately, more difficult to find. At the same time life in England has been changing: the barriers of tradition have been largely broken down so that there is a far truer sense of democracy, and there are better opportunities for the able man from whatever class he may come. It is therefore not surprising to find that today there is a closer approximation between English and American thought than there has ever been in the past. There are still, however, important differences of emphasis, and it is necessary for us to recognise these if we are to understand each other's points of view.

The Women

by HELEN KIRKPATRICK

'Gregarious and energetic, they discovered their power during the last war' says the author, London correspondent of the Chicago Daily News

THE Englishman's home is said to have been his castle—before his wife became a sergeant in the A.T.S. And it may be inferred that the German can be domineering at home, as well as abroad, while his wife attends to 'kinder, kirche and kueche'.

The American woman is reputed to rule the American scene with unquestioned authority. It's a reputation that seems, on the whole, to be fairly deserved, as it was fairly won. Frontier life, a dominant factor in American civilisation within the past century, was hard and dangerous. Woman needed initiative, courage and ingenuity. They developed all the qualities of which an independent spirit is composed. The exploitation and cultivation of a vast continent threw on to the shoulders of the women many of the responsibilities and problems which in Europe are usually the concern of men.

American men accepted the partnership of women in the building of the nation, and yet they never lost their attitude of chivalry towards them. This is still very greatly emphasised in the upbringing of children. The result is often likely to impress a European as being a matriarchy, and I'm not certain that the impression is a false one.

It may be that most women, if they were given the choice between a son and a daughter, would choose a son, but daughters are very acceptable in any American family. Their education is usually identical with that of their brothers, and their choice of careers almost as wide. If a family can afford to send only one child away to school, the daughter is very often more likely to go than the son. Boys are taught to wait on their sisters and to help them in every possible way. The average American boy and girl will go through school and, in the case of several millions, through the State universities together. It is more or less taken for granted that a girl should go to college (university) if means can be found to send her.

For girls who frankly or tacitly admit that matrimony is their one aim in life, the way of the débutante is—or until the war was—always open. The wiles of the female in quest of the male are infinite and varied, but collectors of débutante data claim that New York City offers as rich a laboratory as any to be found in the world. One New Yorker of thirty-five confessed to me that he had never married as no girl had ever proposed to him. It was perhaps natural for him to expect the initiative to be taken by the girls since he had been dined and wined by them from the time he had attended his first débutante party. He had been taken to the theatre, the

American women supply a determined strain to the British nobility. Christening of the child of Lord and Lady Decies, formerly Miss Vivien Gould, 1912

opera and the ballet. And all that had been expected of him was his presence and an occasional bouquet of roses. Fortunately for the American nation, New York is not typical. Competition is fierce in every sphere in the metropolis, and the New York débutante is fast becoming an anachronism. The day of Glamour Girls and café society is over—for the duration of the war, at least.

'Coming out' has seemed a hollow farce for a long time to many American girls. Those with the requisite social standing and financial backgrounds have continued to make their débuts rather quickly and in a faintly anti-climatic fashion. They've been 'out' since they were fourteen or fifteen. And their poise, appearance and *savoir faire* is alarming to anyone over thirty. But their seeming sophistication is deceiving. They undoubtedly know 'all the answers' that a European girl wouldn't know, but she knows much that hasn't come within their ken. Clothes and grooming are very nearly second nature. It takes little time and no effort to be well-dressed on small incomes. 'Beauty salons' are plentiful and inexpensive. But in achieving sleekness and chic, the American woman has lost individuality.

The girls' college I attended was the largest in the United States, from which one would assume that the greatest freedom existed. There was no rule or even discussion about it, but every girl who could afford it wore the identical same outfit: Bermuda tweed skirt, Brooks pullover, a string of pearls and brown and white sports shoes. Last year in New York, I was struck by the same uniformity among women of almost all income groups. Only they were wearing black—from head to foot—and fur coats.

Anyone who concludes from the uniformity of dress, of menus and of interior decoration, that the American woman hasn't a mind and ideas of her own is very much mistaken. She has views, and usually very definite ones, on everything from politics, local and national, to the pattern for her husband's new suit. She is an active and important member of her community. Social legislation, town planning, changes in educational programmes and in national politics, are often initiated and always effected by the women. Without the support of many of the women of America, isolationism would have died

in feeble infancy. Gregarious and energetic, American women discovered their power during the last war and have used it effectively ever since.

It was only after the last war that American women were fully emancipated politically. They began to enter the professions, politics and industry. They became successful executives, doctors and lawyers. Many of those who had not already been bitten by the bug for a career found themselves forced to work after the stock market crash. Girls gave up careers as débutantes for careers as shop girls, and you were not smart if you weren't working, at something.

One big New York department store gathered bright young things from the universities all over the United States, gave them six months' training in merchandising, management and personnel work, and then placed the abler ones in highly-paid positions. Many of the alert and chic-looking young women to be found lunching in downtown restaurants, or crossing to Europe on the big liners, were earning anything from 75 dollars a week up (about £18 at the current rate of exchange). Many of them used to discuss seriously whether or not they could afford to marry. And by 'afford' they meant, could they live on the same scale to which their relatively high incomes were accustoming them? Most of the boys they knew were struggling along on 25, 35 or 50 dollars weekly in insurance companies, stockbrokers' offices or as budding young doctors, lawyers and architects. And they were diffident—the nicer ones—about marrying a girl who could earn twice the salary they could.

The pendulum swung very far during the 'thirties. It had already begun to swing back slowly before the war. The novelty of independence, high incomes

'WHITE COLLAR GIRL'. *Inexpensive clothes enable the average American stenographer to dress like this*

and two-by-four apartments began to wear off. The city seemed a little less luring and a bachelor life a little more lonely. In essence, they had had their fling, learned that they could support themselves and longed to marry and raise a family. The process, no doubt, still continues. A certain number of bright young things undoubtedly still flock to New York and other big cities every year, become terrifically efficient executives, and then begin drifting home again. Some stay on, but most marry and settle down.

There is a curious contradiction in the

position of the American woman. She is respected and revered. She is treated with a consideration no European woman has ever known. But she is expected to be useful as well as decorative. At least ninety-seven per cent of the women in the United States know how to cook—either because they have been taught or because they have learned from experience—often more bitter for their husbands than for them. They also know, from practical experience, how to run a house—and that is how to make beds, sweep floors, wash windows and woodwork and darn socks. What's more, they're expected to use that knowledge unless they are drawing sufficient salaries in business to pay capable cooks or maids. It would be difficult to estimate accurately, but it would be very surprising if it were to be found that more than 2 per cent of the newly married young people in America have servants. And unlike England, the percentage who have nurses for their children is even lower.

The financial independence of women—or their knowledge that they can be independent if necessary—has been both a disrupting factor and a stabilising influence in marriage, depending on the character of the persons concerned. In the long run it will probably prove to be stabilising, making marriage into the same type of partnership that it was in pioneer days. Few women under forty whom I know believe that it is woman's inalienable right to be supported by man. Most of them scorn the 'clinging vine' who cannot make her contribution to the partnership. Many 'clinging vines' are deceptive—more vines than clinging.

Englishmen are easily taken in by American women. One who had spent a short time in America returned convinced that American women are terribly spoiled. He summarised the difference between American and English women. 'An American says to her husband, "Darling, don't you want to run upstairs and get me a handkerchief?" The husband can't want to go, but he always does. An Englishwoman would know that if she made such a request her husband would reply, "What's wrong with your legs?"'

I used to doubt the accuracy of his comparison, but a scene I witnessed a few days ago convinced me that he was right. A senior officer and his wife came into a provincial hotel at luncheon time. She had what was probably his dog on leash. As they came abreast of the cloakroom, he turned to her and in a pleasant enough voice said quite firmly: 'Take the dog upstairs, then come down and we'll lunch at once.' She did. Would an American? Probably she would, but she would have done it on her own initiative. 'While I leave the dog upstairs and powder my nose, order a table. We'd better eat right away.'

And no doubt each would know—Englishwoman and American—what was meant.

It may all be a question of subtlety. Englishwomen really run England, but they pretend that they don't, which is good for the men's ego. American women talk and act as though they run America, while the men are certain that they don't. Englishmen don't believe in standing for such nonsense. American men think that if it makes women happier, why argue?

The American Press

by NORMAN WITCOMB

No other country can boast of as turbulent, vigorous or enterprising a Fourth Estate as that of America. Reflecting the spirit of the country as it does, the United States Press is large, lusty and loquacious. Little does it matter what is said providing it is expressed in a manner that can command attention, and, even more important, interest.

Yearly, there is published within the United States some 21,000 separate publications, ranging in rank from local news-sheets to newspapers of world-wide reputation. Every day throughout the country some 40,600,000 papers are bought and read by the public, while on Sundays 31,000,000 multi-sectioned editions issue from the presses. There are some 200 major daily newspapers.

Journalism began on the American continent with John Pory, who sent letters to his employer in London from the Virginia Colony in 1619, but it was not until 1704 that the first newspaper was printed in Boston. Toward the middle of the nineteenth century there was an outcrop of daily publications which sold for a penny and began the era of the Penny Press. First successful publisher of a penny paper was Benjamin Day, who founded the *Sun* in New York in 1833. This paper met with popular approval because of its attention to the personal side of news and its interest in the more mundane side of the day's events. Relegating matters of national importance to second place it emphasised the local gossip and drew heavily on court cases for its subject matter.

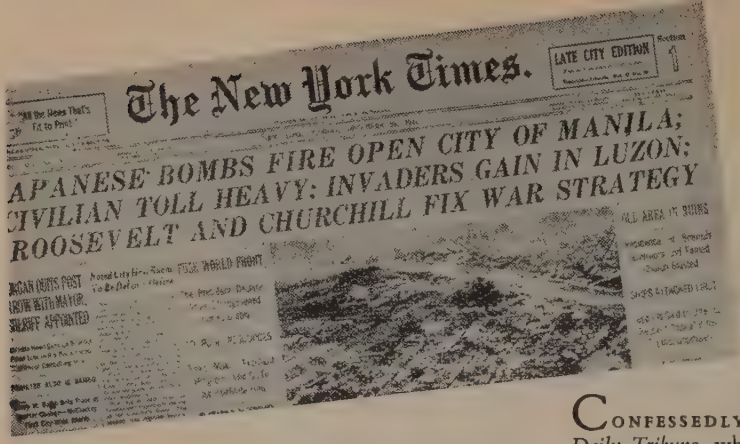
It was not until a Scottish emigrant, James Gordon Bennett, arrived on the scene that the forward march of American journalism began. With a capital of 500 dollars and a few odd pieces of furniture, Bennett started *The New York Herald*. With remarkable candour he reported all occurrences of an interesting nature from crime to his own engagement. He was the first to introduce the methods of the modern reporter.

His son, who bore the same name, carried on the tradition of the *Herald* and widened the scope of its activities. Amongst his triumphs was the dispatch of Henry Morton Stanley to Central Africa in search of Livingstone. He also financed an ill-fated Arctic expedition. In partnership with John Mackay he founded the Commercial Cable Company.

Greeley, founder of the *New York Tribune*, began life with little education. The *Tribune* was his first real success. A firm supporter in causes which he believed in, he was nevertheless an opponent of women's suffrage. His great renown followed his views on the question of slavery, to which he was bitterly opposed. Instrumental in bringing about the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, he was also one of the founders of the Republican Party.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century saw the rise of the Newspaper

(*Continued on page 30*)


The New York Times.

LATE CITY EDITION

APANESE BOMBS FIRE OPEN CITY OF MANILA; CIVILIAN TOLL HEAVY: INVADERS GAIN IN LUZON; ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL FIX WAR STRATEGY

Most dignified, though not the oldest, newspaper in the United States is the staid and scholarly *New York Times,* which is regarded by its less austere competitors as a citadel of propriety and, it is even admitted in some quarters, of integrity.

It is without question the most rational newspaper in a land where rationalism seldom sells papers. Respected are its views, and it exerts considerably more influence than its daily circulation of some half million copies might suggest. Its Sunday edition is a veritable library of information and entertainment in itself, and some 745,000 copies are sold weekly at the price of sixpence. *The Times* was the first newspaper to print a rotogravure supplement and book section every week, an innovation brought in by the late Adolf Simon Ochs, who took the paper over in a state of dilapidation and built it up as the foremost morning newspaper on the American continent. It was during the last World War that *The Times* made its reputation as a news-gathering organ of unparalleled accuracy. Proprietor Ochs spent a fortune in correspondents' salaries and cable rates to keep the reading public informed of the latest events occurring over a strife-torn globe. His convictions resulted in making *The Times* the leader in its field. Classed as Independent Democrat, it is the most widely quoted of all newspapers and rigorously follows its slogan, 'All The News That's Fit To Print'.

Confessedly biased is the great *Chicago Daily Tribune,* which does not bother to mask its policy behind the headlines or to encourage its 857,000 daily readers to read between the lines. Its Sunday edition goes into over a million homes of the United States Middle West, a section never famed for its pro-British sentiments. Fitting the tune to the mood, the *Tribune* has achieved a rather remarkable record in the past for its anti-trade union, anti-Roosevelt and anti-British tones. The agrarian districts of the Middle West are not conducive to foreign or commercial-industrial overtures.

Noted for its support of erstwhile Colonel Lindbergh, the *Tribune* nevertheless did not attempt to force fate when his more compromising speeches placed the personal policy of the paper at variance with the National Government, gently dropped the garrulous flyer when there was a danger of his unpopularity extending to those organs which supported his views. Owned by ruggedly Independent Robert McCormick, the *Tribune* still remains the most cogent voice in the Middle West. The most serious threat to its supremacy came with the inauguration of the *Chicago Sun,* a rival publication which, financed by multi-millionaire Marshall Field, arose to challenge it in the field of policy. American journalism eagerly awaited the bitterest Press duel since the days of William Randolph Hearst, but the ramifications of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour suddenly softened the bone of contention and turned policy into a duet.

2 CENTS

Chicago Daily Tribune

FINAL

CHURCHILL AT WHITE HOUSE

American Tanks Battle Japs in Philippines

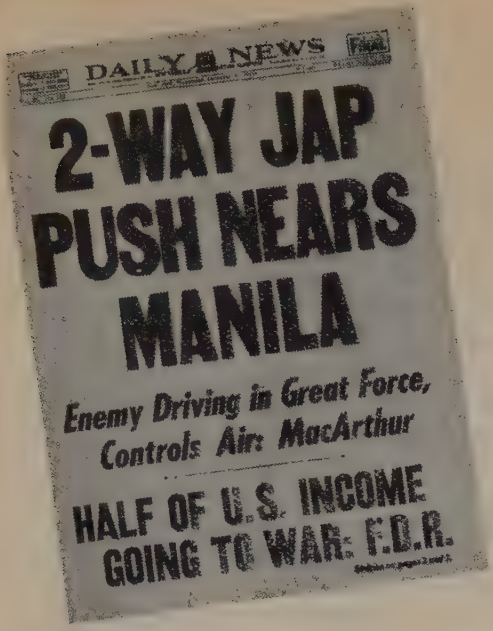
BRITAIN'S CHIEF AND F.D.R. TO MAP UNIFIED COMMAND

NEAR HONGKONG EXECTS PART OF INVADING ARMY

DAY'S SUMMARY OF WAR IN AFRICA, MALAYA, EUROPE

BIG GUNS BEAT OFF 2 EFFORTS TO LAND ARMY

OBJECTIVES



DAILY NEWS

2-WAY JAP PUSH NEARS MANILA

Enemy Driving in Great Force, Controls Air: MacArthur

HALF OF U.S. INCOME GOING TO WAR: F.D.R.

GREATEST POPULARITY can be claimed by the *New York Daily News*, which has a strong appeal to the working classes, and though catering for the less literate element it is in the forefront of opinion-moulding publications. With a daily circulation of some 1,783,000 copies and a Sunday edition of 3,122,000, the *Daily News* is a potent force on the north-east seaboard.

First of the tabloids, it describes itself as a picture newspaper and runs a wide selection of popular features. Able and astute Joseph Medill Patterson has attuned policy with mass mentality and so contrives to keep his publication at the peak of the circulation charts.

Classified as of Independent outlook, the *Daily News* nevertheless is not loath to take a firm stand on whatever subject is likely to be the most favoured by its readers and subscribers. Basing editorial premise on the reasonably safe assumption that no one wishes to die an untimely death and that war is generally a contributive factor to a marked increase in mortality, the *Daily News* sponsored a series of striking and macabre cartoons by Clarence Batchelor, whose thought-provoking work did much to deter readers from wishing to participate in armed conflict.

Isolationism found a ready platform in the pages of this tabloid which fought so hard against the incalculable forces of war. Always anti-Japanese, the *Daily News* made a complete and unembarrassed *volte-face* after Pearl Harbour, greatest modifier of editorial policy.

READILY ADAPTABLE to the contingencies of the moment is Roy Wilson Howard's *New York World Telegram*, which forms one of the key links in the Scripps-Howard chain, which, until the decline of the Hearst empire, was the second largest newspaper chain in the United States.

Although the circulation of the *World-Telegram* is a comparatively modest 415,000 daily copies, it represents a group whose publications are nation-wide in extent and whose influence covers the entire country.

Independently liberal, dapper, diminutive Roy Howard periodically realigns his stand according to the events which affect him the most, but the change seldom lessens his conviction in the decision. Until comparatively recently, the *World-Telegram* leaned perceptibly toward the isolationist side and was blatantly anti-war, no matter on whose side it was being fought.

Ardently pro-Willkie during 1940, it quickly withdrew its support when he endorsed the President's Lease and Lend proposal. Far surpassing the Hearst papers, McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*, or Patterson's *Daily News*, Howard's publication headlined its way to the top of the half-dozen journals advocating appeasement in the United States. Specially publicised was the 'exposé' of the American Army's order of 4,500,000 identification tags for the war dead that were to come. Then followed a change of heart and last year the *World-Telegram* placed itself in the ranks of those who fought appeasement. United stands the Press.

New York World-Telegram

7TH SPORTS FINAL

GOOD NEWS ON ALL FRONTS:

U. S. Sinks Jap Transport, Recaptures Towns in Luzon, Stops Foe's Thrusts

Ottawa Crowd Goes Wild | 19 More Saved | Supply Ship | Good News | Filipino 'Suicide' Squads

Barons. Applying ruthless commercialisation to the foundation set by Bennett and Greeley, the Barons began the era of Yellow Journalism.

First on the scene was Joseph Pulitzer, Hungarian-born magnate of the presses. Emigrating to the United States as a recruit for the Union Army after he had failed to be accepted by the French Foreign Legion, Joseph Pulitzer was finally discharged and looked about for a job which he might fill. He laid the foundation of his fortune by buying the derelict *St. Louis Dispatch* at auction. He merged it with the *Post* and soon had dominated the St. Louis evening field. He left St. Louis after his editorial assistant on the *Post-Dispatch* shot and killed a lawyer over a political dispute. Arriving in New York he purchased the *New York World* for 346,000 dollars. Establishing an *Evening World*, Pulitzer found a highly profitable field and dominated New York journalism.

William Randolph Hearst, acquiring the ailing *Morning Journal*, enticed Pulitzer's best editorial staff by larger salaries and began the fierce battle for circulation. With hitherto unprecedented sensationalism, Hearst carried Yellow Journalism to its limits. Among his innovations was the introduction of the coloured comic section.

Not an originator, he copied the methods of Pulitzer and Edward Wyllis Scripps, founder of the first newspaper chain, but operated these principles on a vaster scale.

Overshadowed by the more flamboyant personality of Hearst was Adolf Ochs, but this modest and timid man did not stop in the face of whirlwind sensationalism; he continued to build up the paper he had bought in the last state of decrepitude. After buying the controlling interest of the *New York Times* at the age of thirty-six, he lifted it from the trough of financial duress into which it had fallen. Infusing new life into the bankrupt publication, he formed the *New York Times* Company and gradually coaxed the circulation of the paper up toward the half-million mark.

Newest star in the firmament of United States journalism is Henry Luce, founder of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*.

Many changes have occurred in contemporary United States journalism. One-time tycoons of publishing are now slipping back from the positions in which they had entrenched themselves. The one-time mighty Hearst chain has undergone severe tension and many of the links have snapped. Other personalities are forging new and stronger links with which to anchor the public interest and influence.

Most important of all recent events, America's entry into the war has played a great part in changing the views once so freely expressed. Strange is the position of erstwhile antagonists uttering the same sentiments in editorials that might well be pooled and used by the whole of the United States Press without any noticeable difference.

The exigencies of censorship have made themselves felt and no longer can extravagant conclusions be drawn for the sake of circulation. The characteristic banner headlines still continue to shriek for the reader's attention, but the message is the same.

National resolve has never been more clearly defined than by the surprisingly unforeseen coalition of the nation's newspapers in the common cause. The United States Press will pass through a hitherto unknown predicament, but its native virility and inventiveness leaves no doubt as to the result of the period of trial.

Co-ed!

by L. ROBERT LIND

L. Robert Lind, professor at the University of Kansas, studies the 'Co-eds' around him, finds them feminine, frank, self-reliant

It is important at the outset to determine her true habitat. It is in the sprawling state universities, in the municipal universities from Chicago downward, in the teachers' schools and two-year junior colleges, and in the many small liberal arts colleges of the country that the American co-ed flourishes beside her companion, the American college man. As with other fauna, the co-ed takes much of her special character from her environment.

This is surprisingly varied; it differs geographically and racially. California and Minnesota, for example, have an apparently inexhaustible supply of great blonde, blue-eyed Amazons, chiefly Scandinavians. The universities of the largest cities abound with almost every race and colour; the Jewish students gather in largest numbers here. The college campus of the South is adorned with sweet-mannered, drawling girls whose fair hair and peach-bloom skin recall their Colonial English forebears. The University of Illinois, at Urbana, can be regarded as a typical institution of this kind; an extraordinary mingling of racial stocks and backgrounds set it off in contrast to the University of Kansas, where the student group is more homogeneous, with predominantly Northern physiognomies. In fact, the schools of the Middle West may be taken as representative of American co-education; here the movement began and has taken its firmest roots.

Whether the co-ed strides down from Bascom Hall at Madison, Wisconsin, for a canoe ride on Lake Mendota, or takes her seat in the Greek theatre at Berkeley, California, to hear the president's opening speech of the new semester, she is dressed for the occasion. Her costume changes with the season and the locality. The ski trousers and mackinaws of the chilly eastern campus disappear as one moves towards the Middle West or South. On the campus where I am writing, in the geographical centre of America, the co-ed wears anklets and goes about with bare head winter and summer, or at most with a peasant kerchief for headgear. Informality in dress is with her a matter of etiquette. To be seen on her way to classes in anything more elaborate than the sensible short skirt, bright pull-over, and low-heeled shoes, which make up her uniform, would be a grave error.

Despite her simple attire, she is never without make-up or an intricate hair-do; at the moment, the admired coiffures are

called the 'windswept' and the 'pompadour'. She is well groomed, neat and fresh. The impression she gives is one of excellent health and amazing youth; it is in homage to these qualities that Hollywood draws many of its cinema newcomers from among the winners of campus beauty contests. The present ideal of co-ed beauty is far different from that of the decade immediately following the first World War; the co-ed then affected the appearance of a somewhat cynical and lanky Bohemian with very short bobbed hair, very short skirts, and usually a raccoon coat. She is now more natural and womanly, emphasising her essential feminine attributes in form and behaviour. She is seventeen when she enters the university or college and almost twenty-two when she graduates.

But what sort of a person is she? It is dangerous to generalise about her in terms of a type. To the casual observer the natural variety in her physical characteristics does not conceal a certain similarity of speech, thought, and motive. In the mass she is inclined to be a trifle shrill and to act and speak much as her sisters do. Yet this outward conformity is an illusion, a series of shrewd concessions to the *mores* of her group. Alone, she can be charming, dignified, and independent in thought. She is no longer at the disadvantage which women suffer in a group. They invariably neutralise each other's effectiveness and appeal by allowing their worst, most shallow aspect to become uppermost in the struggle of sex which immediately ensues when they assemble. She will speak frankly (at least to her male professors), laying aside her giggles and slang; she will offer confidences and utter unconventional opinions.

Indeed, one of her chief traits, beside her marvellous youth, is a continual curiosity. In the classroom she asks intelligent questions and shows that she is, on the whole, a more conscientious and inquiring student than the men. She has often pressed me hard with astonishing queries on historical grammar or word-forms. She is less inhibited, more poised and challenging in discussion, more patient in learning the details of foreign languages, for instance. Her notebooks are more neat, her attendance more regular, her attitude more purposeful than that of the average college man.

She is at heart an extremely ambitious and self-reliant person. America has made of higher education something only remotely associated with the etymology of the word 'school'; but in the midst of a welter of extra-curricular activities, sports, and student meetings of every kind, the co-ed finds leisure for the exercise of her mind. She is present at football games; yet she has not forgotten the list of readings she must get through in the reserve-book room over the weekend. She is prominent at student government councils, play rehearsals, in the student newspaper office, at choir practice; but she has brought a book or two into which she may dip when the proceedings become dull. And she has firmly chosen her career; she is going to teach, to act, to sing, to become a laboratory technician, a research worker or a nurse; she has even decided to marry, all with a quiet conviction that leaves no room for doubt.

The co-ed is often literally a worker, apart from her studies. Many of those who go to college in the United States must work some hours each day at unpleasant and certainly unintellectual labour in order to pay for their living expenses and tuition. The co-ed may wait on table; as a guest at dinner in the

Nineteenth century football in 'bloomers'. 'Unnecessary and unladylike garments giving the children a false impression.' (Contemporary critic)

Getting down to war driving.
(From a recent article on war-conscious co-eds)

girls' residence hall a professor may see Sally Jones, the stunning brunette who is making such a fine record in his Psych. 34, balancing a tray or pouring his second cup of coffee. Or she types, minds babies, designs dresses, sketches for advertising agencies, operates the hotel switchboard —anything to which she can turn her hand. The government funds provided by the National Youth Administration during the past few years have given many a co-ed a welcome lift. The transition from college to the workaday world is not difficult for her. She has spent her summers in earning money for the Fall semester; graduation finds her well aware of the world's realities in several forms of employment.

But she loves amusement too. Contrary to general belief, not all American co-eds are good at sports or even care greatly for them. Yet some of them are excellent horsewomen, hikers, swimmers, skaters, skiers, or tennis players. The English perhaps remember Helen Wills, who used to play at Wimbledon; she was once a co-ed at the University of California. The co-ed follows sports with less precise form than vigour, and regards it largely as a pretext for acquiring the sun-tan so highly prized by sun-worshipping Americans. Her more leisurely diversions are simple; a coke date in a jelly-joint (current student slang: translation—a tête-à-tête with a man over a soft drink in a druggist's shop or confectioner's), a few games of bridge, a weekend dance, or a visit to the cinema are typical.

She lives in sorority houses, university dormitories, or private homes. The sorority, like the American college fraternity, is at best an expensive club, with the shortcomings of such institutions elsewhere. The sorority girl is thrown with the same people for four

years until she knows them all too well. She may resent, but not openly revolt against, the social pressure in the sorority which tends to govern her life in various petty ways. Pledge duties are something to be performed without too much grumbling, rush week is to be endured, the annual tribal initiations do not entirely awe her, especially if she has studied a bit of sociology. In the dormitories she is less hampered, and her intellect is respected more than her father's bank balance; the highest type of college girl is usually found in these democratic living quarters. In the private home she may find the greatest liberty of movement, depending, of course, upon the degree of indulgence shown her by the landlady. And over all three forms of dwelling the dean of women keeps her watchful eyes, enforcing the university regulations on housing and visiting hours.

The American co-ed has grown in numbers and importance with every major war in the country's history. Having now completely recovered from the fever of commercial salesmanship which seized the country in the 1920's, America, and with it the co-ed, is more grave and mature. The financial depression has been an extremely sobering influence; it has completely banished from the campus the more childish eccentricities of dress and behaviour which characterised collegiate life in the post-war decade.

The co-ed is an energetic creature. For some time before the war she had been knitting for 'Bundles for Britain' or collecting funds for the Red Cross. In the myriad women's clubs of the land to which the co-ed gravitates when she graduates, the problems of the war, of international politics, and of domestic affairs are being vigorously discussed and the co-ed has her analogous organisations within the university. She is deeply concerned with the war for another reason; her male companions have for more than a year been disappearing gradually from the campus into the army camps. This migration will certainly soon begin to curtail her social life.

Years ago, Mr. Bernard DeVoto ventured the assertion in *Harper's Magazine* that the future of American culture lay in the hands of the co-ed. Although his arguments then sounded almost preposterous, they have not, I feel, been controverted by time or events. The co-eds he wrote about are now mature women in the middle thirties. They have seen the passing of a number of curious phenomena in the American scene: the financial boom, prohibition and its repeal, the depression; now they are living through the second World War. The present generation of co-eds was born shortly after women won the national franchise in the United States; they are therefore the first generation to grow up with the assurance that their share in guiding the national destinies is secure.

It is not absolutely certain that the co-ed today will follow her elders completely. After all, their influence in checking the unhealthy social and political tendencies of the decade which ended in 1930 was not exemplary. She lives in a world vastly more shaken with conflict, she is faced with decisions far more momentous and significant for all classes everywhere than those of the 1920's. Her independence of mind, her awareness of realities are firm. Her greatest wish is to give her children a world in which they can live in peace and equality, safe against economic and military aggression.

Caterpillar Diesel pulling five grain drills of the deep-furrow type and seeding 320 acres daily.—ARLINGTON, OREGON

Down on the Farm

by ERIC KNIGHT

Eric Knight, Yorkshire-born American novelist and contributor to the 'Saturday Evening Post' and 'Esquire', took up farming with his wife some years ago. He discusses here how the American farmer, always too anxious about his own future to look beyond the next harvest, has had his horizon widened by Lend-Lease

In spite of her intense industrialisation, the United States is still mainly an agricultural nation. New York state is still a dairy-farming land; Iowa still has more hogs than human beings; California still exports more oranges than she does feet of movie-film.

The agricultural population of America has always been, also, its 'isolationist' population. A man who watches wheat come up green finds it hard to think about and believe in wars far across the oceans. But the American farmer is suddenly understanding that the world goes beyond his fence-lines; to see, in fact, that his salvation, and the salvation of men fighting those wars so far away, may be tied together as closely as if they were in the same field together. The awakening has come, perhaps accidentally, perhaps not as planned, through the two words: Lend Lease. For

Lend Lease means not only proper wartime sustenance of the British nation through an open-hearted and freely-given contribution of America. It may mean, no less, sustenance and strength for the American farmer.

For a century the American farmer has sinned and been sinned against. He has, in some areas, been a butcher rather than a farmer. He has destroyed land, ploughed away the precious sod, started erosions, produced man-made deserts, robbed the nation of vital natural resources. He has also lived in adversity, faced disasters of nature, lived amid unsure crop markets, tried to educate his children better than he was educated, and usually died leaving, if he was lucky, nothing more than his farm—usually with a higher mortgage on it than when he started.

America has long striven for a 'farm policy' to cure these ills. It has fought to conserve wounded land, retired unfit land from farming, instituted large and successful programmes in ordinary schools to make farm children 'better' farmers than their parents were, striven by rewards (and thus penalties) to lead farmers away from the soil-depleting crops (maize, tobacco, cotton), and has tried to solve the great problem of 'the farm dollar'.

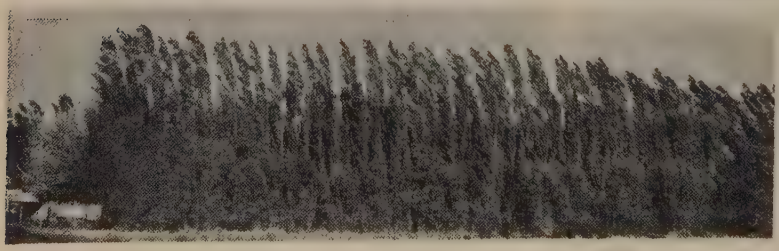
The American farmer's complaint is simple. 'Everything I buy, I must buy retail,' he says. 'Everything I sell, I have to sell wholesale.' And he wouldn't mind that so much if he had any idea of what that wholesale price would be when he commits his productive land to its growth in the spring.

There is no greater tragedy than to plough, harrow, drag, fertilise, sow, cultivate, and after months of toil to harvest, pack, and transport to market, and then have offered such a small price that the farmer says: 'Load 'em back on. I'll take the goddam things back and feed 'em to the hawgs first.' He will neither dishonour his own toil nor his all-giving land for such poor pay.

Of recent years, the Roosevelt New Deal Administration has tried to offset this tragedy, which affects so large a portion of the American nation, by various price-stabilisation plans. The result has ranged from the tragedy of ploughing under crops, killing and destroying surplus pigs, and the nightmare of ever-growing stores of wheat and cereals. But this, in turn, has fixed in the American mind the even greater tragedy: 'Why destroy, why plough under, why store away these vital foods when throughout the world millions sicken and die for want of them?'

The farm problem, thus, in clear steps became a rural problem, then a national problem, and at last an international one. Mal-distribution similarly becomes of international concern.

The American farmer's relation to all this is being driven home to him now. As he sits at his noon-time meal, he hears one of America's most creditable and important radio services: The National Farm and Home Hour. He hears music, prices, stock show descriptions, and then the voice of his Government. Today that voice is telling him: 'It is war. You must grow us more of certain things than you ever did before.



A Lombardy Poplar windbreak. When the poplars began losing their foliage on the lower portion of the tree, young poplars were planted close together on the windward side to prevent the wind from blowing in

Listing around dunes and on hard land between dunes with tractor and three-row lister. Sand is caught and held in the furrows

We want millions of dozens more eggs in 1942 than last year. We must double and redouble our production of cheese. Every cow in this whole country MUST give us one pint of milk a day more this year than last. The food is needed for the strength of ourselves and our ally, Great Britain.'

The farmer isn't a fool. He knows that you can make a tank in a few weeks, but no power on earth except God's good time can produce one more milch cow. He knows he must intensify feeding. His farm planning must change. But he can and will do all this, because his Government assures him of fair prices for that product. He can see further than this—for he has lots of time to think on his problems while his mere muscles are busy in the fields. He can see that, at last, through the exigencies of war, some sort of order is coming in the chaos of world-trade in foods.

For your farmer has never understood one thing. He has never understood why, when millions in the food-consuming areas of the world have needed the vital strengths of food, his wheat should be a glut, his pigs killed and destroyed, his milk sold at 1½d. a pint, coffee dumped into oceans, vegetables left to rot as worthless. Why, when millions of children need the protective vitamins of orange juice, mountains of oranges should be soaked with petrol and burned, is something he has never been able to understand. Nor has any civilised, intelligent man.

But now, dimly, through Lend-Lease, he begins to see an answer. A country like Britain can state its national needs, and state them in long-range terms. His own country, in return, can state an intelligent long-term programme for him, and assure prices at the end of the growing season. He, in return, can plant and know he is not gambling his labour and land against poverty. So the American farmer begins to see that he is vitally concerned in this war—and

sees that he is going to be even more vitally concerned in the peace to come. He knows he must make his voice heard.

At the present time the nationally controlled plans of Lend-Lease on both sides of the ocean stabilise his markets. He wants to know why, what we can do in war, we can't do in peace, too. He knows that he is being asked to change his character as general farmer and, to aid Britain, become a dairy-farmer to a larger degree. He wants to know—and quite justly—whether or not after this war, he is going to be left holding the baby; is Britain going back to Denmark for its eggs, butter, milk—leaving the American farmer with a herd of cows whose milk he can't sell, with eggs that he might as well feed to the pigs? Is that going to happen? It seems that it must not—not merely for the sake of the American farmer, but for the sake of human relationships on this entire globe. Nor is Britain unaware of this.

NUTRITION IN BRITAIN

Britain, by force of evil war, has at last really begun to employ the knowledge of nutrition its leaders such as Sir John Orr have been expounding for years. Under civilisation and our present knowledge, there is no excuse for the deficiency now rife. There should be no rickets, no scurvy in this land after this war. A simple case of these or other diet-deficiency diseases is an indictment against the State.

Within these last few years we have lived, in the field of diet, in an era of discovery as wonderful as that of, perhaps, Pasteur in his discovery of germs. We now know *how* to apply food. The simple link is apparent to the American farmer. He (and his companion over an invisible line in Canada) says: 'Here we are, a bread-basket of the world. There you are, a consumer-section of the world. Why in the name of all that's human can't we tie these two things together?'

National food needs as expressed in terms of Lend-Lease have suggested an answer—long-term food needs, assured crop-planning and adequate returns without being at the mercy of uncertain markets.

FORWARD!

After wars a nation does not return to 'the old times', much as some people desire it. It goes forward to new life. The system of national food needs and national food supplies raised in Lend-Lease will not go back to the *laissez-faire* of bankrupt farmers and the malnutrition of consumer-nation children as before the war. The benefits to both America and Britain are too apparent. When peace comes, we must have a controlled flow of food from America and manufactured goods from Britain in return. This sounds like simple common sense to any man. Only the political mind will be able to becloud that simplicity and turn it into complex impossibilities.

One can foresee a planned economic tie between America and Britain—with its opportunities for good and its possibilities of danger. But one must foresee even further than this. The proper nutrition of men, women, and children, throughout the entire world, is a matter which will place itself square before humanity at the peace table. This goes beyond merely the farmers of America. It is a matter for all humanity.

If this matter is not faced with greater imagination, greater strength, greater breadth of vision than we have ever drawn upon before, then we shall not be signing a peace one half so much as we shall be mutely declaring a future war for the generation now being born.

Religions

by The Rev. MARCUS A. SPENCER

The Rev. Marcus A. Spencer is an American who has been over here since 1925, first in Scotland and later in London, where, since 1938, he has been minister of a Presbyterian Church. He speaks, therefore, with a knowledge of Church matters on both sides of the Atlantic

As the typical picture hanging in the vestry of a Scottish church represents a venerable minister pronouncing the benediction over a little group of faithful office-bearers (symbolising clerical-lay leadership of the highest type for the worship of God and the good of the land), the corresponding picture in any American Protestant church represents 'The Pilgrim Fathers Going to Church'. It shows a dozen people, men, women and children, trudging along a snow-covered clearing in the forest. At their head are gentlemen with broad-brimmed hats and knee breeches, armed with muskets. The minister in Geneva robe carries the Bible. This little company has travelled 3,000 miles for this privilege of worshipping God according to conscience.

Americans are proud of that picture and still thrill to it. It symbolises for them the liberty in which their country was conceived, and the recognition of God which was strong at its foundation. Warmly they welcomed the second of President Roosevelt's four freedoms, 'freedom of religion', for even those who do not go to church themselves would resent any curbing of that right for others.

There is no Established Church in the United States. This is not due to any provision of the Constitution; for religion is held to be beyond the power of the national government to regulate. Each state must decide such matters for itself. The seven colonies where the Church of England was formerly established quickly passed legislation separating the Episcopal Church from the State, after the political separation from Britain had been effected. Some of the remaining six colonies had earlier had freedom of religion, but Massachusetts did not complete the Disestablishment policy until the early nineteenth century.

The result of this is that some States require the reading of the Bible in the public schools; some States forbid it, while still others make it optional. In most States there is little or no Religious Education on weekdays. In certain cities and towns permission has been granted to all the recognised sects to instruct their own children for one period a week during school hours.

Wherever the Roman Catholics are strong enough, they have set up their own parochial schools, but they have not yet succeeded in persuading any State to aid them in building or maintaining such

schools. The theory throughout the United States is that the Government offers a good free education to every child. Any parent not satisfied with such education, toward which he pays taxes, must finance the alternative schooling himself. This is hard on the devout Roman Catholics, mostly drawn from the poorer section of the community, but the country is adamant against putting any one denomination into a privileged place. Besides, the public schools have been great 'Americanisers'; since the majority of the immigrants in this century have been Catholics, why should they be segregated and denied a share in this amalgamating process?

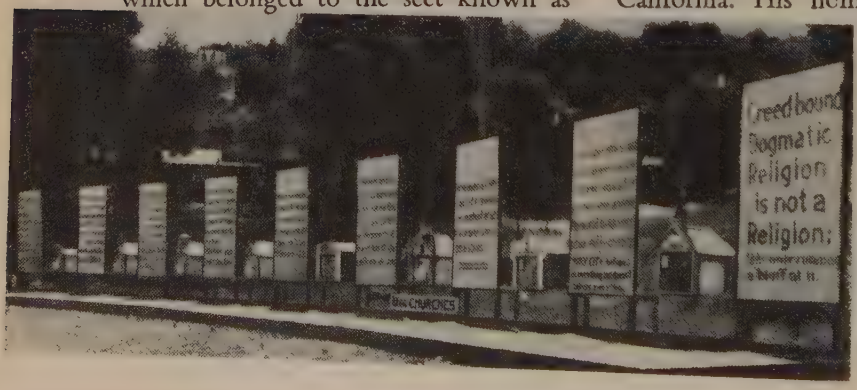
The variety of denominations is partly due to the rapid expansion of the frontier westward. Existing denominations were unable to keep pace with the spread of the population, and pious men set up their own little 'Assembly of God'.

A second cause was the Civil War of 1861–65, which ripped every major denomination in two. While the Methodists repaired their breach in 1939, the Baptists and Presbyterians still remain separate—due to the greater theological conservatism and the stiffer attitude on the colour question in the South.

A third cause of denominationalism would be termed by outside critics 'the cussedness of human nature'. There is a story told of a quarrelling congregation which belonged to the sect known as 'The Church of God'. Half the people broke away and started a new denomination down the street, which they modestly named 'The True Church of God'. When the fresh flock could not get along within itself, a further split occurred and 'The Only True Church of God' came into existence! The same fissiparous tendency which kept subdividing the Church of Scotland for two centuries has also been at work in the new world.

But the chief explanation is that every group of immigrants brought and perpetuated its own version of the Church. There are still thirteen kinds of Presbyterians: not only those founded by Dutch Reformed and German Reformed settlers, but also the many varieties which came from Scotland and Ulster. The Northern Church is the strongest member of the family with over 2,000,000 members; the Southern Church, the United Presbyterians, and the two Reformed Churches just mentioned, each number between 100,000 and 500,000, while the remaining eight bodies are all tiny sects pursuing a solitary existence.

This particular debt to Europe, I might say in passing, America is repaying with interest. Who in London, for instance, has not had a ring at his doorbell from a group of Jehovah's Witnesses selling literature? (Their founder, Judge Rutherford, recently died in San Diego, California. His home was known as



Billboards for the elimination of sectarianism. The model churches contain sectarian regalia and are like penny-in-the-slot machines

(Santa Cruz, California)

King David's Mansion. It was built by the sect ten years ago 'to be a home for David when he returns to earth'.) I have heard Mormon missionaries preaching on the Mound in Edinburgh, and everyone has noted the strength of Christian Science in the comfortable portions of the larger British cities.

If you ask 'Why the growth of weird sects in America?' the answer must be specific to the sect in question. Sister Aimée with her 'Hot Gospel' is as distasteful to 99 out of 100 church people in America as she would be here. But when she takes the Capitol Theatre, erects a 25-foot effigy of herself with arms outstretched appealing to the crowd in Times Square to 'Come and be Saved', speaks four times a day for a week for the modest sum of $5,000 (a liberal salary for a clergyman for a whole year), it is not religion which is the draw, but entertainment or curiosity, and most people wonder, 'How lasting is any benefit conferred?' In the case of Father Divine, he is dealing with a simple and an emotional people, who, in spite of the gullibility of the partially educated negro, probably do not think of him as 'God' in the sense they are supposed to do.

Who, then, are the Church in America? First of all come the 19,914,937 Roman Catholics, the largest single denomination, although combined Protestantism totals 30,057,072. Perhaps a truer proportion between them is 1:2, since the former reckon baptised infants as members, while most Protestant sects do not. (These figures are taken from the 1936 United States Census of Religious Bodies.) The Catholic strands of the population are mostly Irish, Italian, and Polish. Catholicism is strong in the crowded cities. Since it is the Church of the under-privileged, it tends to be more radical in its social thinking than is usual

Famed Aimée MacPherson

on the Continent. However, a poll of Catholic clergy in the autumn showed 98 per cent of them at that time opposed to giving aid to Russia. The Catholic Church in America has greatly increased its share in its Church's missionary enterprise since the last war.

The Baptists (8 millions) and the Methodists (7 millions) come next. Their numerical strength is partly due to their being the favourite denominations of the negroes, to whom the warmth of their evangelical fervour appeals.

The Lutherans rank third among the Protestants, since this was the Church of immigrants from the four Scandinavian countries and from Germany. Fourth stands Presbyterianism, always strong in its emphasis on education.

The Protestant Episcopal Church (1,735,335), in communion with Canterbury, comes fifth. It is strong in the East and the South, and has the reputation of being the Church of the prosperous and of the poor, rather than of the middle classes. While thoroughly American in temper, it has been the most interventionist of all the denominations

and has furnished some of the leaders for the Fight for Freedom Committee. One of the prayers in the American Revision (1928) of the Book of Common Prayer reads: '*Grant us grace fearlessly to contend against evil, and to make no peace with oppression; and, that we may reverently use our freedom, help us to employ it in the maintenance of justice among men and nations.*'

Those who profess the Jewish faith number 4,706,184. There are 774,169 Mormons. Christian Scientists claim 268,915 adherents, and the Eastern Orthodox Churches 356,638.

One of the present trends of American Protestantism is toward Union. There have been large mergers within the Lutheran and within the Methodist folds. The Congregational and 'Christian' denominations have become one. The Episcopalians and the Northern Presbyterians are exploring the possibility of organic unity.

Meantime, practical co-operation has become effective through the Federal Council of Churches, which speaks in the name of twenty-two non-Romanist denominations, comprising 134,702 churches and 25,075,462 members. A Conference on the Co-operation of Interdenominational Agencies has just voted enthusiastically for the final merger of the eight great agencies of American Protestantism: the Federal Council, the Foreign Missions Conference, the Home Missions Council, etc.

Another feature of the last two decades has been the *building of new churches*, suitable to the revived interest in worship. Architecturally they are a great advance upon those erected in the previous century. Some congregations have erected buildings beyond their means; successive financial slumps have taught them wisdom too late.

The American Churches have become *ecumenical-minded*. Princeton Theological Seminary has even introduced a course on 'Ecumenics'—which covers Missions, Comparative Religion, and Social Ethics. Among the most enthusiastic supporters of World Conferences are churchmen from the U.S.A., and most of the great denominations have already joined the World Council of Churches, now in process of formation. When the sudden thrust of war 'orphaned' the missions carried on by the German, Scandinavian, Dutch, Belgian, and French Churches (more than a seventh of the entire Protestant missionary enterprise was thus separated from its parent Churches), the International Missionary Council in New York undertook to collect the money to keep these missions alive.

Finally must be noted the *Activist temper* of American Protestantism. Ever since the Pilgrim Fathers there has persisted the faith that Christianity was meant to be incorporated in social life and even enacted into legislation. The Churches are willing to become a pressure group, yet they would shudder at the thought of creating a Church political party to correspond with a Catholic Party on the Continent. Church people wholeheartedly gave their support to the Prohibition experiment. They furnished most of the voters who approved joining the League of Nations and adhering to the World Court. Thanks to a couple of decades of Pacifist teaching, however, they became largely isolationist in this war, until Germany shocked them by her hideous conduct. There is a certain amount of genuine religious Pacifism which will continue unabated, but the naïve isolationist-pacifism which wanted to procure 'peace through mediation' is dead—one hopes, for ever.

New Deal

by
LAURENCE
MEIER

Female pulchritude assists U.S. Government publicity

Laurence Meier, London Correspondent of the International Press, is sceptical about the 'great world brotherhood' of the Future. America, he suggests, will be too engrossed in her own labour problems after the war to take much share in international affairs

BECAUSE the New Deal patently slowed up pre-war preparations and the actual war effort in the United States, President Roosevelt has curbed his own lusty child—but only for 'the duration'. Certainly after the war the New Deal will emerge more vigorous than ever, not only because Mr. Roosevelt and his prospective heirs will it so, but simply because the forces that go to make up the greatest social experiment in New World history cannot be held in check.

The end of the war will see a new surge of nationalism in America. So don't look for America to rush idealistically into some 'great world brotherhood'. Remember what happened to Wilson when Harding was swept into the White House on a tide of nationalism!

Right now the New Deal is in the third of the four stages which will round out its revolutionary career. First came the wild days when Franklin Delano Roosevelt fathered it, with the ill-fated National Recovery Act, the shovel-leaning W.P.A., and vast public works. Then came a period of decline, brought on largely by public dissatisfaction with incessant strikes, violence, and the schism within labour itself. Mr. Roosevelt even then began to restrain the New Deal, for at that time he was working wholeheartedly on the project which he knew was far more urgent: preparations for 'everything short of war'. Besides, the President felt the pressure of public demands for a 'cooling-off' period between embattled industry and labour.

In the third, present, period, an armed truce exists between the factions.

It would be far from true to say that the New Deal has been shelved. Wages and hours laws remain in full effect; arbitration of industrial disputes is still compulsory; 'Social Security' goes on and is even being expanded;

great projects such as the Tennessee Valley Development continue; the Federal Administration is seeing to it that the farmer gets at least fair treatment during the conflict.

To assess the influence of the New Deal on war and pre-war production, one must consider it largely in its relation to labour and industry.

The early stages of the New Deal assuredly were of benefit to the then hardly foreseen war production effort. To a great extent, Mr. Roosevelt's 'pump-priming' methods must be credited with a revival in industry, a renewal of the public's confidence in itself, and a rise in national income. These at least lay the foundation for the acceleration of industry to the President's wartime demands. Even the much-maligned W.P.A. contributed more than $400,000,000 in actual defence projects.

Yet this early impetus was not maintained. There followed a phase of veritable industrial chaos, replete with government - condoned sit - down strikes, which, however, declined rapidly as the President recognized that the public and labour itself were 'fed-up' with continual strife.

Promises now have come from responsible labour leaders of 'no strikes for the duration'. No one questions the enthusiastic patriotism and will for victory felt by the American working man. Yet there are many factors pointing to frequent and costly strikes even during wartime.

A special report prepared for Mr. Roosevelt after the United States entered the war said that 280,000 workmen had been involved in defence strikes since June, 1940. But, the report added, 'The Pearl Harbour attack altered the picture completely.' Did it? Dunkirk did not stop strikes in Britain; and strikes went on in America long after that country was deep in World War I.

I flew to England just as America was getting into the full stride of her war effort. I had viewed, ever since Mr. Roosevelt made his famous 'quarantine' speech in Chicago, the President's efforts to bring about industrial peace. For more than two years (with the New Deal's programme braked) he had been speeding up the nation's output. But even as the United States entered the war, the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives branded the previous strike situation as 'the greatest single cause for delay in the defence programme'.

The strike which John L. Lewis called in the 'captive' coal mines cost the defence production plan at the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Co. about 30,000 tons of steel—the equivalent of 3,000 light tanks or 30 destroyers.

Soon afterwards Mr. Lewis, isolationist leader of the United Mine Workers, and creator and former head of the C.I.O., pledged his support to the government 'to the day of its ultimate triumph over Japan and all other enemies'. With equal piety William Green of the A.F.L. called for an end to all defence strikes.

In the succeeding weeks there have been no large-scale defence strikes. The threat of anti-strike legislation still hangs over the heads of both C.I.O. and A.F.L. So far, preferring to gain his objectives by other methods, President Roosevelt has wisely refrained from sponsoring any anti-strike legislation by Congress. His chief problem is that of readjusting wages to the rising cost of living. Will the ten million workers being shifted from peacetime to wartime jobs this year be content with their incomes—especially

when, in another year, their ranks rise to twenty million?

Their acceptance of war conditions is hardly likely to be fostered by the revelation in a report by the Senate Defence Investigating Committee of 'enormous profits' by the Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler Companies. The report blamed labour, too, saying that the production programme had been impeded by 'mistakes, carelessness, inefficiency, waste, jealousies, and strikes.' Similarly, the House Naval Affairs Committee reported that 669 naval contractors had made profits in excess of 7 per cent. on government contracts. The average profit on a total of $3,889,000,000 was 7.99 per cent.

Although many authorities doubt that anti-strike laws could be enforced, varied forms of such legislation have been presented to Congress. One bill passed the House. As soon as the danger of anti-strike laws became acute, 350 C.I.O. officials sped to Washington and feverishly 'lobbied' against the measures. The crisis ended in a laugh when Representative Cox of Georgia charged that 'goon squads under the lash of Harry Bridges'—the San Francisco maritime workers' leader from Australia—were trying to intimidate Congress. Bridges' only 'lobbyist' was beautiful, young Virginia Woods, C.I.O. secretarial worker. None of the 'intimidated' Congressmen thought she was a 'goon'!

Roosevelt preferred to handle the industry-labour situation in his own way. First, he put the soft pedal on anti-strike action in Congress. How President Roosevelt went a long way towards bringing at least a temporary peace between labour and capital is a dramatic story of a Rooseveltian coup. Immediately after war was declared, Mr. Roosevelt summoned a conference in Washington.

Off to state-provided work

Mr. Green, Mr. Lewis, and President Philip Murray of the C.I.O. led twelve representatives of labour. Charles S. Hook, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, headed a dozen industrials.

For days they wrangled. The main issue was the closed, or all-union, shop. Both sides agreed on the creation of a War Labour Board to handle disputes. But industry insisted that the *status quo* be maintained so far as closed shops were concerned. Basic agreement had been reached on three general points: (1) no strikes or lockouts for the duration of the war; (2) peaceful settlement of all industrial disputes; (3) uninterrupted production to be assured by creation of the War Labour Board.

A messenger was sent to President Roosevelt with word that those general points had been settled, but that the Conference was deadlocked on the closed shop issue. He ignored that question—promptly sent back word that he 'accepted' the three-point agreement.

That decisive stroke by Mr. Roosevelt

abruptly broke up the Conference—crystallising its success and preventing its collapse on any one issue. Labour leaders went home happy. They had won their point by putting the closed shop question within the mediation category. Industrial leaders quit Washington, disgruntled and stunned by Mr. Roosevelt's Gordian knot-cutting.

Whatever may be thought of the President's method, exactly sixteen days after war was declared he achieved his goal of general stabilisation of labour and industry. And Mr. Roosevelt had won from labour leaders the no-strike pledge which Samuel Gompers refused Wilson.

To be sure, the issue is bound to rise again. The dissatisfied industrial chieftains contended that 'continual presentation of the closed shop issue before governmental agencies would seriously impair the nation's productive activities'. Many elements in Congress, too, declined to embrace the 'imposed' settlement. While anti-strike legislation remains in abeyance, some Senators and Representatives now are proposing that the closed shop issue be 'outlawed' for the duration. That may never be necessary, any more than 'outlawing' of strikes and lockouts. Mr. Roosevelt knows well that he can always wield a 'big stick' over labour if the workers get too recalcitrant. That power is the ever-impending threat of Congressional action against walkouts. On the other hand, if labour leaders voluntarily prevent strikes, the Roosevelt forces will resist demands for new labour laws.

Recently there was an abortive effort to heal the rift between the older A.F.L., with its principle of craftsmen's unions, and the C.I.O. Behind the bushy eyebrows of John L. Lewis there generated a scheme to unite the two federations. He proposed that A.F.L. President Green retire; that George Meany, now A.F.L. secretary-treasurer, become president of the combined organisations, and that President Murray of the C.I.O. become secretary-treasurer. For himself, Mr. Lewis reserved a vice-presidency (presumably with power behind the scenes).

Philip Murray decided on a hard-fisted fight against what was taken as an attempt by the former C.I.O. head to regain power. Mr. Murray hurried straight to President Roosevelt, and the Chief Executive promptly dashed cold water on the merger scheme.

Within a few days Mr. Murray and Mr. Green accepted a presidential plan for labour peace without actual consolidation. Both organisations named three representatives to maintain inter-union peace. Mr. Lewis was left out. You may be sure, nevertheless, that that gruff fighter will be heard from again.

America, perhaps more than any other of the United Nations fighting Hitler, concerns itself about post-war problems.

Industry is already making plans to absorb the jobless after the war. Still, the conditions for a rebirth of the New Deal, more irrepressible than ever, will exist; and because of America's engrossment with its own problems, it is worth repeating that those who hope that a new and more successful Wilson will rise in international affairs are probably doomed to disappointment.

War brings Union to the Front in America

by CLARENCE K. STREIT

Clarence K. Streit asks for Federal Union between Britain and America to be established now. We preface his article with a memorandum from British Federal Union Limited, who say: 'Britain, like Janus, must look two ways at once. Union with America, yes, but at the same time we must declare by propaganda that we also want to unite on equal terms with the democratic European countries when they are free'

BRITISH Federal Unionists go all the way with Mr. Streit, but since Britain is the link between Europe and America, they stress particularly the importance of solving the European problem. They stand for a democratic union, open on equal terms to America now, and European countries as soon as they are free. H. M. Government is being urged to adopt this policy, and to make it known to the oppressed peoples on the Continent by world-wide political propaganda.

To this end an active Committee with representatives from twelve European countries is already working to spread the federal idea among their own national groups and to get support for the formation of an effective international movement on the Continent *through political propaganda of which democratic federation is a part.*

The National Delegate Conference organised by Federal Union, which took place on February 7, has acted as a spur to the Government, but it is not yet possible to state the full results. The National Council sent Mr. Churchill a welcome-home message directly he arrived in this country, pressing for Anglo-American Union 'soon'. An important document drafted by the Federal Union Peace Aims Committee (of which Dr. Joad is a member) suggests step-by-step machinery for transforming the existing international co-operation into a permanent democratic organisation across frontiers. A hundred and eighty branches all over the country are calling meetings to discuss this report. M.P.s are already being contacted in the constituencies and the document is to be brought before H.M. Government as soon as possible.

The Axis attack on America has given an incalculable stimulus to our campaign for Union. Success is now possible, provided all the millions who already favour Union of the democracies after the war as the way to keep the peace will work now, as never before, for immediate establishment of a provisional Union as the way to win this war. We American Federal Unionists, who were urging this before the war, began redoubling our efforts to this end as soon as we heard of the attack on Pearl Harbour. We shall not stop till the Union is created.

We know that our own efforts cannot

suffice to create the Union—it takes at least two peoples to do that. But we are confident that Federal Unionists in other lands will be pressing forward with us. We are particularly confident that those in Britain will. And I cannot stress too highly how much we in America are inspired and aided now by the memorable offer of Union which Britain made to France in June 1940.

All over the United States the tide was running strongly toward Federal Union even before war began for us. A public opinion survey published in the December *Fortune* magazine — whose polls proved the most accurate in the presidential election in 1940—showed that 34.9 per cent of the adult population then favoured a union of democracies in all parts of the world to keep order after the war as against 6.9 per cent in August.

I found other evidence of this trend in a 10,000 mile Coast-to-Coast speaking tour I made in September, October and November, urging Union as the way to win the war.

In July, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt publicly stated that she favoured a future union of democracies. On December 3 the idea gained public support from Henry Ford, the New Deal's die-hard antagonist, and Harold L. Ickes, its pugnacious Secretary of the Interior.

Such was the situation when Japan attacked Pearl Harbour, Sunday, December 7. We immediately summoned our National Board by telegram to a special meeting in New York twenty-four hours later. At that meeting the Board decided to push with all its power for immediate union of the democracies within a broader anti-Axis coalition. It put its policy in the form of a petition to the President, as follows:

'That the President of the United States submit to Congress a programme for forming a powerful Union of free peoples to win the war, the peace, the future;

'That this programme unite our people, on the broad lines of our Constitution, with the people of Canada, the United Kingdom, Eire, Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa, together with such other free peoples, both in the Old World and the New, as may be found ready and able to unite on this federal basis;

'That this programme be only the first step in the gradual, peaceful extension of our principles of federal union to all peoples willing and able to adhere to them, so that from this nucleus may grow eventually a universal world government of, by and for the people.'

The Board decided to publish this petition with supporting argument in a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times*, and thereafter in as many other cities as its limited funds allowed.

Prominently displayed under our petition in a box, the names of Justice Roberts and Secretary Ickes headed a list of leading Americans. . . . The importance of this endorsement was obvious to the well-informed. They took it for granted that the names of Secretary Ickes and Justice Roberts meant there was a 'green light from the White House' to bring this proposal for immediate Union to the front at once. Indeed, the day before the advertisement appeared, President Roosevelt had showed his special confidence in Justice Roberts by naming him chairman of the Pearl Harbour Inquiry Board.

We have still far to go and the battle is by no means won. But it is true that nearly every day now brings its encouraging sign. One day Alfred E. Smith, who has special influence among the Irish and Catholics, comes out for Union. And on another day the White House announces a plan to abolish customs barriers with Canada that interfere with victory.

The timely, dramatic arrival of Mr.

Churchill, his conferences with President Roosevelt and his eloquent speech in the Senate, forecasting the days to come when 'the British and American peoples will, for their own safety and for the good of all, walk together in majesty, in justice and in peace'—there is no need to labour the great help all this has given to the Union cause. But it may be useful to point out that it has helped especially to answer a question that is invariably put to me when I speak in public: 'Would the British accept such a Union invitation from us?' Previously I had answered that the fact that Britain had offered Union to France should indicate that we need not fear the British would refuse such an offer from us. If there is one suggestion I might make to our friends in Britain it would be this: anything they can do to make evident that the British people would accept the Union invitation would be very helpful.

If I might add another suggestion, it would be to help make clear to the democracies of the Continent that the Union we have in mind is no exclusive English-speaking Union. It may be necessary for purely practical reasons for the British and Americans to work out together some of the preliminaries of permanent Union—but even those of us here who believe this are strongly opposed to making the Union exclusively Anglo-American.

The Japanese Government has already destroyed at one blow many of the major arguments of our opponents. The isolationists had been assuring the people that the ocean and aviation made surprise attack on America impossible. They had been saying that the American people could keep out of this war. They had been saying, 'Union now means dragging us into the war.' At one blow Japan discredited and demoralised those who had been saying these things most.

There remain other obstacles in our path. There are those who say: 'Don't bother us now with this Union plan. We mean to have a wonderful Union after the war. But we must win the war first.' Others say: 'Now that the Japanese aggression has replaced dangerous division in our country with complete unity, let us not disturb this unity by raising any issue which will rouse controversy.' But many also see that the best time to push ahead decisively is when the opposition is as disorganised and discredited as ours is now.

For months already Nazi propagandists have been broadcasting from Germany attacks against the plan of *Union Now*—a significant attention for a foreign government to pay to a private campaign. We hear that the Nazis have been trying to alarm British listeners by telling them that Union means reducing Britain to the status of a forty-ninth State in America. At the same time they have sought to turn Americans against Union by the opposite lie—that Union means handing America over to the British Empire. The fact that the Nazis have been trying so long to prevent Union

CHAMPIONS OF FEDERATION

HENRY FORD

HAROLD L. ICKES

LORD LOTHIAN

MRS. ROOSEVELT

CLARENCE STREIT

by this old 'divide-and-rule' game—that fact speaks for itself on the timeliness of our position for Union now.

Our petition has been very carefully drafted on the broadest, firmest lines, with a view to providing in the most practical way for all kinds of contingencies, and giving the maximum elbow room compatible with safety and the fundamental American and British principles of government—open discussion of really basic issues, timely discussion by lawful methods, and, above all, freedom for all men equally through democratic union.

But perhaps British readers would be interested in hearing the case for our petition as we put it before the American public. Then they can better judge of our possibilities of success. And so I shall conclude by giving them that case in the words in which I have given it to my fellow-citizens in our advertisements:

We are now in one of those molten moments when the iron of basic policy can and will be somehow shaped. If we fail to form it in a Union now we may all too soon find ourselves repeating the Franco-British tragedy.

We welcome President Roosevelt's conferences with Mr. Churchill. We recognise the need of conferences and temporary measures to provide more unified action immediately. But in meeting this need let us take care to open—not close—the way to immediate Union of the democracies within a broader anti-Axis coalition.

We rejoice that all the Soviet Republics are already united in a common government, as are also all the Chinese-speaking people, once so divided. Surely we and they must agree that Union now of the democracies wherever possible is equally to the general advantage? Victory depends in no small part on sea and air factors, now divided between Britain and us, whose nature requires a common government even more than do the land factors in Russia and China, vast and important as they are.

We, the people of the United States, have once more reached a time to try men's souls. Let us not mistake this moment nor the nature of this test. Lincoln measured it for us when he said, 'We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth'.

How much longer shall we let our answer be the same old, fatal answer—divided navies, divided armies, divided production, divided counsels, divided actions, divided democracies . . . falling underneath a common yoke? Shall we risk answering with an alliance? Stake our all upon this method that has already brought catastrophe to France and Britain?

We recognise already that we must unite the power of all our forty-eight States. We recognise that the British must unite the power of all their Commonwealth of Nations. We have not recognised—and we must at once—that we need above all to unite the whole arch together. We must unite both sides upon a keystone. Then the common burden will but unite us more.

An arch without a keystone can be no arch of triumph.

Here, in our own American principles of Federal Union, lies the answer to our problem. Here lies the way to win this war, the peace and the future. Let us then take up this task at once and turn this great danger into a great opportunity. Let us begin *now* a World United States.

Thirty million American adults, according to the December *Fortune* survey, already believe the United States 'after the war' should 'join a union of democracies in all parts of the world to keep order'.

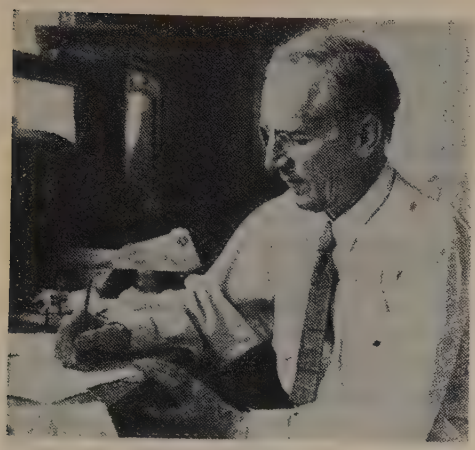
If you are among those who agree we need Union *then* to keep a potential aggressor from breaking loose, surely you must agree we need that Union *now* to meet the powerful combination of aggressors already on the march.

Remember *now* what happened to the League Covenant . . . after the war. Remember *now* the moral slump that always follows war, the return of petty politics. Consider *now* that if we merely promise Union *after* the war, the Axis will drive their peoples on by reminding them of what a Senate minority did to the promised League . . . after World War I.

The surest way to shorten and to win this war is also the surest way to guarantee to ourselves, and our friends and foes, that this war will end in a World United States. The surest way to do all this is for us to start that Union *now*.

'*We implore you* (as the English workmen implored Lincoln to free the slaves) *not to faint in your providential mission. While your enthusiasm is aflame, and the tide of events runs high, let the work be finished effectually. Leave no root of bitterness to spring up and work fresh misery to your children*'

Is Socialism Coming?



by UPTON SINCLAIR

'A steady slide into collectivism, a movement as inexorable as the advance of a glacier' has taken place in the U.S.A., says Upton Sinclair, one of the most prolific of novelists, in a shrewd survey

THE average American, if you ask him what is the influence of the Socialist movement in his country today, would be prompt to say that it is very small indeed. When I first discovered the movement, nearly forty years ago, it offered for my pleasure and instruction a weekly four-page paper, *The Appeal to Reason*, which enjoyed a circulation of over half a million, and which frequently got out special editions of three or four million copies; also a monthly, *Wilshire's Magazine*, which enjoyed a regular circulation of three or four hundred thousand. The Socialist Party of America was strong in all our industrial centres and increased its vote to something like a million. On the night of a presidential election, November 1904, in Chicago, it was possible for me, an enthusiastic young convert engaged in collecting material for a novel about the Chicago stockyards to be called *The Jungle*, to predict from a public platform that 'Chicago will be ours', and to make those the concluding words of the novel a year later.

Now, alas, there is a difference, bewildering to most Socialists. The Socialist Party is a small faction with only a few members, and the Party makes no boast of the small circulation of *The Call*. A few years ago there was a 'split' over the problem of tactics, and there is another faction, or fraction, which calls itself The Social-Democratic Federation, and publishes a weekly paper, *The New Leader*, very ably edited but enjoying only a small circulation. Just now in the Socialist Party there are signs of another 'split' because our country finds itself at war, in spite of the isolationist advice persistently offered it by the Socialist Party. The editor of *The Call* and some members of the Party's executive committee are now suspected of being half-hearted in their policy of opposition to war-making, and resignations are rumoured. All this sounds most unpromising so far as concerns the influence of the Socialist movement at present, and for its prospects in the future.

In order to understand what has happened during these forty years it is necessary to take a glance at American history, and before that, at the history of England, motherland of our political affairs and of our political thinking. The

Socialist Party of America was founded as a Marxist Party, and practically all its theoretical thinking came from Germany. The Germans are fond of abstract and metaphysical ideas expressed in long words derived from the Latin and Greek, so they provided us with 'dialectical materialism' and 'economic determinism' and the rest. American Socialists swallowed these ideas whole and without digesting them. But in the meantime the great mass of the American people continued in the English tradition, groping their way from one immediate problem to the next, only half knowing what they were doing, but, as they liked to phrase it, 'keeping their feet on the earth'. These two influences, the German and the English, made for conflict in the American Socialist Party and occasioned most or all of the splits which took place.

THE ANGLO-SAXON METHOD

For the present writer it meant a good deal of pulling and hauling; for I had been reading a mass of American history for a novel which I wrote about the period leading to our Civil War. I had watched Abraham Lincoln 'muddling through'; having the clear purpose of saving the Union, and willing to make compromises with the slave power which he hated in his heart, provided only that he could achieve his main great purpose. Also I had read English history, and had come to understand the method whereby that people had carefully preserved all the forms of monarchy while gradually changing the reality to a parliamentary and partly democratic system. The Englishman walks backward into the future, keeping his eyes reverently fixed upon the past and refusing to know where he is going —indeed, resenting indignantly the efforts of anybody to tell him where he is going. This results in a good deal of stumbling, but enables social changes to be made without too much violence, and it has proved less wasteful than the French and Russian method of all-out revolution in accordance with a logical programme. However, when I ventured to point this out in one of my early books, *The Industrial Republic*, I found that I had made myself unpopular among the theoreticians of the American Socialist Party and I had to suffer the penalties of unorthodoxy.

CHANGES HAVE COME

Twenty-five years have passed since then, and in that time it has become plain that the American people are moving toward Socialism by the English-Fabian and not by the German-Marxist route. We very seldom elect Socialist Party members to office; on the contrary, we carefully keep them out. The only exceptions have been a few cases where they have been at pains to make clear to the electorate that their orthodoxy is purely theoretical and that they do not really mean to take any steps toward Socialism, but merely to improve the milk supply and eliminate graft from the police force and street-cleaning department.

But in the meantime, look at the amazing changes which are taking place in our country! A steady slide into collectivism, a movement as inexorable as the advance of a glacier; terrifying to our conservatives, and in total effect exceeding anything which progressive-minded people have dared to hope for. It is a social change which appears to be automatic; a tremendous economic force drives behind it and nothing that any human being can do avails to stop it. It began under the most hidebound reactionary who has sat in the presidential chair during my lifetime: Mr. Herbert Hoover, oil and mining capitalist, friend and servant of the capitalist class, a

devout worshipper of the golden calf of private profit. Mr. Hoover, during the last three years of his presidency, found himself in the position of a man in an earthquake with his house falling about his ears. He had to grab for the first prop he could find, and that prop was the spurned and rejected system of government relief.

Of course, in Mr. Hoover's case, it was not and could not have been relief for the masses of the people, the unemployed and the starving. It was government relief for the capitalists: for the big corporations which in a time of panic and general collapse could not meet the interest payments on their bonded indebtedness; for the railroads threatened with receivership; for the insurance companies threatened with bankruptcy by the defaulting of bonds; for the great Wall Street banks which were threatened with having to close their doors. Toward the end of his administration President Hoover set up a government organisation called the Reconstruction Finance Corporation which proceeded to shovel out unlimited quantities of government credit to all these institutions.

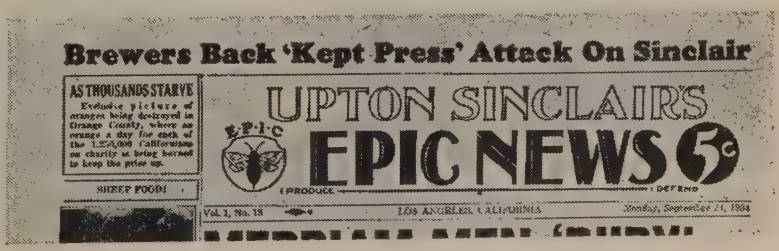
The theory was that the money would filter down through the channels of industry and trade to the people; but it refused to work out that way. The big banks kept the money in their vaults for their own protection. The big corporations shut down their factories and turned their workers off. So when Franklin D. Roosevelt came into the presidential office it was necessary to close all the banks in the country and make a new start. Relief had to be given not merely to the corporations but to the masses, so that they might have spending power and be able to consume goods and thus make it possible for the factories to start up again. The theory of spending to make prosperity had to be adopted in spite of all the orthodox economists could say. Private industry had broken down and there was no force in the community which could take its place except the government. No matter how loudly the reactionaries might cry 'Socialism' and 'Communism', the people had to be fed and industry had to be kept alive.

That has been the story of America for the past nine years. What we have been getting has been called the 'New Deal'. All the New-Dealers fervently insist that they are not Socialists and most of them are doubtless sincere about it. They walk into the future backwards, for they have been taught that that is the way to walk, and if they turn around occasionally and take a glimpse of where they are going —in order to avoid the precipices—they try to do it when the voters are not looking and when the 'Old-Dealers' are asleep.

WE HAVE GOT RESULTS

By that perfectly correct English method of political and social change we have got most of the 'immediate demands'

The paper which Upton Sinclair published when he ran for Governor. 'Epic' stands for End Poverty in California


Brewers Back 'Kept Press' Attack On Sinclair

AS THOUSANDS STARVE

Exclusive picture of oranges being destroyed in Orange County, where an orange a day for each of the 1,250,000 Californians on charity is being burned to keep the price up.

SHEEP FOOD!

UPTON SINCLAIR'S

EPIC NEWS 5c

(PRODUCE) (DEFEND)

Vol. 1, No. 18 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA Monday, September 24, 1934

for which the American Socialist Party was clamouring in my early days, and which I know that most of the party leaders did not hope to get in half a century. We have got old-age pensions, unemployment and health insurance, the abolition of the gold standard, conservation of our natural resources, government housing, and the development of enormous systems of public works, such as the Tennessee Valley Authority. Most important of all, we have got recognition both by public authority and by public opinion of the right to work and government responsibility for unemployment. And when the 'nine old gentlemen' of our Supreme Court ventured to take their stand in the highway along which these vast social changes were moving, we managed by perfectly legal and polite methods to remove them out of the way, and to get a practically new court with seven of the nine members favourable to the 'New Deal' and busily occupied in reversing the decisions of the bad old days of what Mr. Hoover called 'rugged individualism'.

And now comes the war, and the movement of the glacier becomes that of an avalanche. Fifty per cent of our production has to be shifted from the service of peace to that of national defence, and our debt which terrified us when it stood at twenty-five billions has now approached seventy-five billions, and nobody is worried by the statement of those in authority that it will be one hundred and fifty billions before we get through. Nobody questions now that the government has to cut off the automobile industry at its roots. Nobody questions that the government has to allot materials and tell businessmen what to do. Nobody complains because defence bonds are sold instead of securities of private manufacturing corporations.

IT WON'T BE CALLED SOCIALISM

And after the war, some time or other, there will be peace, and what will we do then? Are we going to permit our factories to shut down and turn off their workers as we did under the old system of each for himself and the devil take the hindmost? If we do, we shall have thirty million unemployed, and a Communist revolution as certain as anything can be on this earth. I need hardly say that we are not going to do it. What we will have to do is to use the new powers which our public authorities have taken and turn our industries from the ends of destruction to those of reconstruction and public welfare. We will do it because there will be no other way to do it; we will do it because we shall see revolutions all over Central Europe and we shall have to send food and clothing to those starving and tormented peoples, to keep them alive and preserve the possibility of civilisation in ancient lands. We shall need all the wisdom and all the mercy we can command; and we will do the job—and do it in the way that England did when she became a democracy while calling herself a monarchy, a commonwealth of free nations while still calling herself an empire.

What we shall do in America, and help to do in Europe and Asia, will be called 'Democracy'; it will be called a 'New Deal', 'World Federation', 'Union Now', etc. It will certainly not be called 'Communism' and it will not be called 'Socialism'—at least not until it is all over, and then it won't matter any more what it is called. But the historians will give the Socialists that credit which is always awarded—after death—to pioneers who discover new truth and force it upon public attention in spite of ridicule, obloquy, and sometimes martyrdom.

Everyday Life in America

by MARY WELSH

'The corner drugstore is still the hub of public life,' says Mary Welsh, summing up some characteristics of American city and 'small town' life. Miss Welsh was born in Minnesota. A free-lance journalist in Paris when France fell, she is now on the staff of Time

ONLY a country with rubber nerves can absorb the hardier spirits of seventy-two different nations, including twelve million negroes, and still sing with one voice 'America I love you; you are a sweetheart to me.' Only the U.S.A. could—and does—embroider its daily life with ninety-five per cent of all the radios in the world, with boogie-woogie, with electric orange squeezers and a million and a half university undergraduates, with banana splits at drugstore counters and central-heated doghouses, with the velvet assumption that every newborn manchild will become a millionaire—or at least President.

It may be that the luxuriant discrepancies of its civilisation have toughened America's nervous system. Certainly the native resilience, together with America's size and its geographical and ethnological diversity, have made it the Land of Privilege, and of such zest that from any other point on the globe it looks like the Land of Youth.

In the concepts, the folkways, the profusion of tools of everyday living, my country achieves an exuberant adolescence. The red-blooded vigour of its crime, its skyscrapers, its demonstrativeness, its frivolity, its accidental economic cruelties expressed in the slums or in *The Grapes of Wrath*, its enthusiastic welcome to religious, economic or educational panaceas—they are all youthful. Where else is evident the unquestioning fervour of the American newspapers' acclaim of Churchill as 'Democracy's Wonder Hero' and 'The Anglo-American Colossus?'

Most persistent of a half-dozen concepts which influence Americans' daily lives is a faith in progress. We express it in scores of homely slogans—'Let's Go', 'Bigger and Better', 'To Stand Still is to Retreat'. It gathered force with the exploitation of every 'frontier' from New England to the coal mines of Pennsylvania, to the oil wells of Oklahoma, to the post-Prohibition wine industry of California. With the population ever growing, commercial frontiers have been equally expansible, and our national appetite for intellectual and cultural progress has kept pace. It is a by-word of parents that their children shall have educational advantages they themselves missed. Outside the schools the yen for knowledge has made the U.S.A. the avid, if sometimes undiscriminating, sponge to a rising flood of platform lecturings on any subject from The Architecture of the Cotswolds to Totalitarian Finance or The Crafts of the Early Aztecs. Over the radio we listen to

dozens of quiz and information programmes. Proportionately we buy the world's largest number of books, magazines and papers.

Only yesterday Americans were demonstrating that a gamble was more profitable—and more exciting—than security. It is little more than a century since the first white settlers from the east built log cabins around Fort Dearborn at the foot of Lake Michigan and prepared to farm and fight Indians. The place has changed. Chicago's population is nearly four million now. It is less than a century since venturesome families in covered wagons set out in any numbers to struggle 2,000 miles from the Mississippi in search of gold, new farmland or profitable skulldoggery in California and Oregon. It is only forty years since the Indians and coyotes and a few white lumberjacks of Minnesota noticed a branch of the mainline railway pushing northward up their state. That still left them territory as large as England and Wales unencumbered by signs of civilisation. The forest trails my father tramped, in those days, are now macadam roads with neon signs blazing over gas stations. One success story carried further than many tales of fortunes never found. The 'frontiers' have closed in; but Americans still believe in risk, in adventure, that a smart guy takes a chance, that caution is an anæmic virtue.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

Because we are prey to an advertising and selling habit as subtle, complex and high-powered as patriotism, Americans believe in the positive necessity of keeping up with the Joneses. The habit has influenced the national vocabulary—'the build-up', 'super-colossal', 'don't sell the steak, sell the sizzle'. It influences national affairs. It caught Churchill. When he spoke to the world from the U.S. Senate, he did so by courtesy of the Kolynos Tooth Paste Company, which owned that radio time. It makes the mass of Americans keep pace, in their acquisitions, with their neighbours. In the midwest farmlands we do it with red silos sixty feet high. In the mayfairs of the cities we do it with Picassos and yachts. In the labouring men's streets we do it with pianos and elaborate funerals. In women's clubs we do it with fur coats. Everywhere we do it with cars. Six thousand of the 30,000 workers in a bomber factory near Baltimore drive daily to work in their own cars.

PROGRESS!

Abetted perhaps by the machine-makers, Americans believe in efficiency, especially if it involves the use of machines—automatic coin selectors in the banks, automatic meat slicers at the butchers, an electric coffee percolator, toast-maker and egg-timer in the kitchen. Because we have so much to do, we believe in speed. Only for charity or politics do we take more than an hour for lunch. But the energy we devote to speeding is seldom lost from work. Work equals progress and we revere progress more than a six-course lunch or the country week-end.

Such shared faiths in progress, risk and speed prevail against all but the stubbornest parochial diversities of climate, nationality, occupation, local interest. They nourish national behaviour patterns in the flats of New York's 'Little Italy' and the ranch houses of Wyoming alike. There is the national smell of dust and gasoline fumes. There is the national look of going someplace in a hurry. There is the national greeting, 'What do you know?' There is the national noise, the radio in action. There

is the national habit among men of wearing a finger ring. There is the national gesture of relaxation, not a thumb under the galluses, but hands in pockets.

In Little Italy and Wyoming there is orange juice and coffee for breakfast. Small daughters 'learn the piano', pounding out scales in the living room. Women imitate Hollywood fashions. Parents devote evenings to budgeting family income and outlay. Mothers, who buy all but life insurance and cars and father's suits, violate the budgets immediately but manage mysteriously to 'make ends meet'. Boy Scouts patch their torn trousers themselves with adhesive tape. Parties conclude with nostalgic renditions of 'I wish I was in Dixie' and 'Show me the way to go home'.

In the cities the millions who travel to work—9 a.m. to 5 p.m.—by trains, trams, 'buses, fold their morning papers vertically down the middle. It saves elbow-room. Because their bosses have been sold on the idea that an employee's well-being makes him more efficient, office work proceeds amid scientifically designed lighting, sound-proofed walls, thermostatically controlled heating. There are water fountains in the corridors and dozens of schemes for buying company shares, for compulsory saving and retirement funds. City workers lunch on fixed-price 'plates' of meat and vegetables, with pie and coffee as second course, if they are men. If they are girls—two million of them work in offices, another ten million in shops, schools, factories—they remember their figures and the new dress they want to buy, and lunch on a toasted tomato and bacon, or peanut-butter and lettuce sandwich at drugstores or the automat where you pay a nickel into a machine—and out

Progress! Women can now have slippers made of glass. Cinderella actually had leather slippers. From old French verte—*untanned leather; not* verre—*glass*

comes a poached egg on toast. At five o'clock, the skyscraper elevators run on express schedules, not stopping between the twentieth floor and the ground, and the only traffic upwards is of the cleaning squads. They scrub the floors with machines which rotate brushes and soapsuds by electricity.

The corner drugstore is still the hub of public life in America. With all that it implies, it continues to be as typically American as the cookie jar in the pantry, as the creaking of the swing on the front porch, or the rattle of steam in the radiators on a frosty morning, because the corner drugstore flourishes in the small towns. And the United States is still a country of small towns. Only about thirty million of the 130,000,000 Americans are city or city-suburb dwellers. The other hundred million live in the country or in towns whose population is half a million or less.

The corner drugstore serves Americans as the pub serves Britons. In its sidelines, its counters heaped with magazines, cosmetics, garden tools, chocolates, thread—even drugs, the drugstore

elaborates magnificently on its service to its customers. But, as in pubs, its chief commodities are refreshment and news. The drinks are 'soft'—Coca-Colas, ice cream sodas and double-chocolate-malteds. But the conversation is the same—the crops, politics, the latest funny story, told by a travelling salesman as he pauses on his way through town. The whole town loiters in his shop, because the druggist is a friendly soul. He keeps the school children in order when they come in for sodas. He lets his customers thumb through all his magazines before they buy one. Traditionally the slick-haired young bloods gather outside his door to watch life flow down Main Street and cock an eyebrow at the girls.

Most Americans still live in houses set back from the sidewalks beyond unhedged front yards and parkways, between the sidewalks and the roads, where somebody planted trees. The trees make a pleasant frame for America's mongrel domestic architecture, for New England's white-painted adaptations of fishermen's cottages, for the red brick or white wood steamboat-Gothic of the middle west, for the low-slung adobe mud Mexican designs of the far west.

In the kitchens, America's private affairs progress with a bright and busy and interminable clatter. There are gay curtains at the windows, apples on the table, and milk or canned beer—for most of America still entertains at home—in the refrigerator. There, over breakfast or snacks at midnight, the family plans holidays, celebrates triumphs, savours its defeats, outlines its strategy for progress. There, in the midst of cooking and washing and ironing, the thirty million planners and organisers of America's daily life manage to keep it the highest standard of mass living ever known.

With home-baked apple pie, hard work and determination, the women have done their part in making America the Land of Privilege, the land where, although nobody was born to the ermine and few acquire it, nearly everybody can have a good imitation, made from white rabbit.

The daily life of America has never been wounded and bled by war as it has in Europe. America is a young bold heedless fighter, cocky, because he has never lost a fight. No more here, in an overseas cap, than at home will John Citizen corset his private initiative and discipline his natural expansiveness. It will be helpful if you remember that, when the tacit assumptions begin to roll and the superlatives to glitter.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS FOR 'EVERYDAY LIFE IN AMERICA'

Boogie-woogie (pronounced with hard 'g')—A type of swing music with two themes crossing and recrossing each other.

Banana-split—A fanciful concoction of ice-cream, bananas split lengthwise, marsh mallow cream, whipped cream, cherries, much admired by growing boys.

Yen—Desire.

Gas station—Petrol pumps.

Silo—Up-ended, cylindrical, roofed outhouse for storing grain.

Galluses—Suspenders, i.e. braces.

Cookie—Sweet biscuit, homemade and delectable.

Ice-cream soda—A combination of ice-cream, one of many flavourings and carbonated water, served in a glass. You drink the liquid through straws, then eat the ice cream, with a special long-waisted spoon.

Double-chocolate-malted—Ice-cream, malted milk powder, chocolate, and milk whipped together electrically. Since about a decade ago when someone thought of doubling the original proportions and charging an extra nickel, no one has been known to order a single-chocolate-malted.

Sidewalks—Footpaths.

Johnnycake—Slightly sweetened cake made from ground corn (maize) meal.

Canned beer—Beer in tins.

American Science in War

by FREDERICK L. HOVDE

in charge of Scientific Liaison between the U.S. and U.K.

AMONG scientists, World War I is the 'chemists' war; World War II is the 'physicists' war. The reason for the distinction is to be found in the nature of the weapons and their use in the two great conflicts. The first was essentially a static conflict, although it saw the birth of the aeroplane and the tank as weapons of warfare. Its new contribution was the use of poison gases as an offensive weapon, and the development of the respirator as the defensive answer.

Today's lightning war means mass in motion. Scientifically speaking this is the domain of the physicist. The armed forces insistently call for more speed and striking power. The designers of todays' weapons call upon the physicist and the engineer to provide the fundamental research on which the development of new and better weapons depends.

The defence against modern warfare presents equally difficult technical problems. It must be strong enough to defeat the shock of concentrated striking power, or it must be mobile and resilient in order to absorb the thrust and rebound to the attack. These requirements, so simply stated, hide a host of technical and scientific problems. Their solution is the 'scientists' war. Unnoticed, it is being fought in a thousand laboratories in Great Britain and America.

The mobilisation of British science is complete. The full strength of American science has not yet been mobilised, but fortunately, it's not far behind. The machinery of organisation was complete long before the shock of the opening attack on Pearl Harbour unified the American people and set its war machinery in full motion. Quietly and without fanfare, the work of organising American science began over two years ago. It is ready now.

At first the Army and Navy began to call scientists and engineers into service in their research and development establishments, as the bitter lessons of mechanised warfare came out of the theatres of operation in Poland and France.

Then the National Academy of Sciences (the American counterpart of the Royal Society) and the National Research Council appointed advisory committees to survey the facilities to meet the needs of the emergency with special reference to scientific manpower available, laboratory facilities, raw material resources, medicine, public health, nutrition, etc.

In June 1939, by executive order of the President, the National Defence Research Committee was created. This committee was not merely an advisory group; it was an executive committee with power, charged specifically with the prosecution of scientific research on instrumentalities of war. Its task was to provide scientific help on a vast scale for the armed services, whose arsenals and establishments were beginning to show an insatiable appetite for more and more knowledge and data as the problems became clearer.

Rather than build new research establishments, the National Defence Research Committee decided at once to utilise the available laboratory facilities of the nation wherever they might be located, including both university and industrial laboratories. Contracts were issued to these laboratories for specific work on secret problems urgently wanted by the Army and Navy. These contracts were deliberately devised to eliminate red tape, to put the scientist on the job quickly in his own laboratory, and to minimise the inevitable disruption of the normal work of both men and laboratories.

Dr. Vannevar Bush, small, bespectacled, dynamic chairman of the N.D.R.C., was primarily responsible for its organisation. Wishing to avoid the mistakes of the last war, with which all of his committee had had first hand experience as young scientists, he created an organisation with strong centralised authority and administration, responsible only to the President. His committee had powers of co-ordination of research; it could avoid duplication of effort; it could establish priorities for specific researches; it could avoid competition for personnel; it could ask for adequate liaison between the scientist and the soldier-sailor-airman user. The committee also had the unique privilege of initiating new

researches without a specific request from the military.

America possesses an immense reserve of technically trained personnel—the product of its universal democratic educational system. The supply has not yet been fully tapped. By September 1941, however, 75 per cent of the distinguished research physicists (those starred in 'American Men of Science') were at work on war problems. At that time it was apparent that the remaining 25 per cent would be absorbed in a few months. Today conservative estimates show approximately 1,500 academic scientists, and 1,000 industrial scientists working under N.D.R.C. contracts. Many more, of course, are engaged in production work in factories, in the service establishments, and in scientific work supervised by such agencies as the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics and the Medical Research Committee.

During the past two decades the pace of technological development has been exceedingly rapid. However, one is likely to forget that each new machine given to man to use, came into production only after long months of laboratory development. So it is with weapons of war. In retrospect, it seems not much was accomplished during the year 1939–40. This year was the educative period for the American scientist; he had to learn a new science—that of modern warfare. Likewise the officers of the Army and Navy had to assimilate the lessons of Blitzkrieg, and even more important they had to interpret such lessons to the scientist, designer, and production engineer.

In the autumn of 1940, a British scientific mission was sent to the United States. Its head was Sir Henry Tizard, Chancellor of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, now a member of the Air Council. With foresight and wisdom, he insisted on having authority to release to the American scientists many of the most secret British developments. His mission provided a great stimulus to the work of the American scientists. Arrangements were made immediately to establish scientific liaison between the two countries. This interchange of ideas and knowledge has meant the saving of valuable time, the minimisation of duplicated effort, the assignment of long range research problems to the United States in order to release British energies to the more immediate and pressing problems, the standardisation of new weapons, and the application of British operational experience to the design of American weapons.

In February 1941, while Harvard students were debating the pros and cons of isolationism and interventionism, their brilliant scientist-president, Dr. James Bryant Conant, crossed the Atlantic to settle the details of the inter-country scientific liaison and to establish a permanent liaison office in London.

At that time, speaking before the Royal Society, Dr. Conant said: '. . . there's no place I'd rather be at this moment, than here in England. . . .' Rafter-raising cheers, the like of which had not disturbed the rooms of the Royal Society in many a year, were proof enough of the heartfelt welcome accorded to American science in the person of Dr. Conant. His coming was tangible evidence that the American men of science were wholeheartedly in the fight alongside their colleagues in Britain.

Another development followed in the summer of 1941. It had become apparent that the human mechanism and its physiological efficiency was as important in modern warfare as the weapons themselves. Indeed, the operational effectiveness of our newest implements of war is limited more by the ability of the human mechanism to operate them effectively than by the inherent technical limitations of the instruments. The study of man in his wartime environment calls for research in what is broadly termed military medicine.

Dr. Alfred N. Richards, a distinguished American professor of medical science, was called to assume the chairmanship of a 'Medical Research Committee'. At the same time Dr. Bush was made Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, an executive office with co-ordinating, advisory, and financial powers over both the N.D.R.C. and the M.R.C. The National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics was also included, although this committee retained its autonomy since it is a permanent civil committee of the Federal Government supervising the work of three great aeronautical research establishments under its ægis.

The goal of American Science in War is technical superiority in both men and machines —weapons that defeat the enemies' defences, and defences that turn aside the enemies' weapons. Patient, painstaking toil in the laboratories of America is required.

The American scientists are ready to do their part in the fulfilment of democracy's call for weapons to defeat its enemies.

Negroes

by

RUDOLPH DUNBAR

London Editor of Associated Negro Press of America, Inc., speaks for thirteen million Negroes

THE *Pittsburgh Courier*, one of the most prominent Negro newspapers in America, in its first war editorial, enthusiastically offers the support of the American Negroes to the Roosevelt Government. It says:

> We are Americans too! From 1619 to the present day we've worked to make America ours. Our sweat and our blood, our hopes and our ambitions, our successes and our failures, are intangibly wrapped up in those forty-eight States which today present a united front. . . .
>
> America knows the unswerving loyalty of its 13,000,000 Negroes. And now that our country is at war, forgotten are the differences under which we have laboured. Buried deep in the recesses of our minds are the injustices to which we have been subjected.

This patriotic and moving statement was made by the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People:

> Although 13,000,000 American Negroes have, more often than not, been denied democracy, we are American citizens and will, as in every war, give unqualified support to the protection of our country. At the same time we shall not abate one iota our struggle for full citizenship here in the United States. We will fight for our country, but at the same time demand the right to fight as equals in every branch of our country's military, naval and aviation service.

General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, appeared before a representative conference of Negro newspaper editors recently

Rudolph Dunbar, iournalist, author, composer and conductor

and told them that he had plans worked out for the activation of a Negro Division in the spring of this year and that Senior R.O.T.C. Units for the training of Negro Officers are to be set up in three Negro Schools in the near future. This new Division will be commanded by Brigadier Benjamin O. Davis, the Negro General.

The Negroes in America live in an atmosphere which is at the same time exhilarating and oppressive. They form the largest indissoluble minority in the United States. They also form the subject of the most glaring American hypocrisy symbolised by the Statue of Liberty, that all men are born potentially equal and are entitled to the same civil rights.

The terrifying perversion of lynching as organised by the Klu Klux Klan was

the method employed to impede the social, economic and political progress of the Negroes in the South. Walter White, in his *Rope and Faggot*, points out that the lynching of the Negroes in the South only assumed alarming proportions when the freed slaves were beginning to compete with the white man in the economic sphere. The vicious and repressed Southern society required, like the Nazi régime of today, victims on whom it could vent its fury. When no Negroes could be conveniently 'put on the spot', Italians, Chinamen, Mexicans and even British subjects were the object of mob sadism. During the years 1896 to 1901 the American Government paid out in indemnities nearly $1,000,000 in compensation for the lynching of aliens on United States territory.

(Lynching protects the virtue of the white woman.) This belief is held by some of the best educated leaders in the churches and in civil life, and finds expression in print. It is gratifying to know, however, that Southern white women have publicly repudiated the imputation that lynching is necessary for the protection of white women.

In the period 1932–1936, there was a great deal of agitation for a federal anti-lynching bill. In the first part of the period, effort was made to pass the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill. In 1934, seven anti-lynching bills were introduced in Congress.

The growth of industry in the West and the development of cotton production in Western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California gave the Negroes their chance for wholesale migration from the South. As a result of the migration, attention was focused on the needs of the labourers and a great deal of discussion went on about their treatment. A new economic policy was introduced and there was a tendency to pay Negoes higher wages. There was a diminution of race domination in the South, and the Negroes were no longer in constant fear of meeting a violent end. Coloured people were provided with more legal protection and more facilities for the education of their children. In general, the migration of the Negroes from the South caused the breaking-up of the plantation system, and an infiltration of the Negro population all over the forty-eight States of America.

In the seventy-odd years since slavery was abolished in 1866, Negroes have had an opportunity in spite of handicaps and restrictions to demonstrate their capabilities. A recent authoritative estimate shows that 750,000 Negroes own their own homes. Farms operated and owned by Negroes amount to 880,000. Businesses conducted by Negroes amount to 70,000. The vast wealth accumulated by the Negroes in America amounts to $2,500,000,000.

The Negroes in America have a thirst for knowledge and firmly believe that thorough education is the gateway to equality.

Today there are more than one hundred Universities and Colleges, and a considerable number of High Schools. Howard, Fisk, Tuskegee, Atlanta, Virginia Union and Hampton are the foremost Negro seats of learning. They all have an academic rating comparable to those of reputable white institutions.

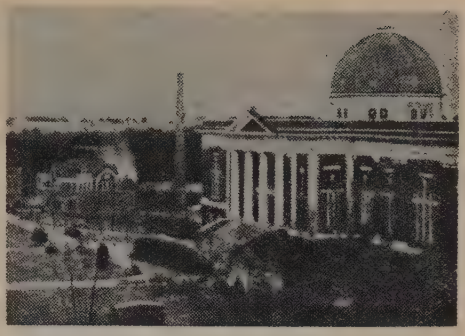
The average scholastic year at the University costs the student $500. Howard is the best of the Negro Universities. Its capital value stands at $9,000,000. In the High Schools, there are an increasing number of Negro students who are the recipients of the highest ratings, receiving Fellowships, Scholarships, prizes and other awards.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been conferred by American and foreign universities, from 1876 to 1936, upon 132 Negroes.

There are a number of Fellowships and Awards open to Negroes of high scholastic attainments. Chief among them is the Rosenwald Award which offers sixty Fellowships each year. Each recipient can either go abroad or carry on his research work in the United States. There are also the William E. Harmon Awards for distinguished achievement among Negroes; the Guggenheim Fellowship, the most prized of the lot; and the Rockefeller Fellowship, all of which have been awarded to prominent Negro scholars in successive years.

Today the Negroes paint with consummate skill in the manner of the white man. But the subject which preoccupies them most is their own people. They are beginning to emerge and find recognition. The most successful Negro artist in the United States is Paul R. Williams, of Los Angeles. Sims Campbell, artist, works for the magazine *Esquire*. There are three paintings in the Louvre by Henry Ossawa Tanner, most famous painter of the Negro race. Beauford Delaney, born in Knoxville, Tennessee, is one of the most talented Negro painters of today. Sculptress Augusta Savage won the New York World's Fair prize for a statue symbolising the Negro contribution to music.

One of the greatest composers in America is William Grant Still. Dean Dixon, who is only twenty-six, has conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Marion Anderson, who first started singing in a Negro church in Philadelphia, is recognised today as the greatest living contralto. Roland Hays,



The Tuskegee Institute, centre of Negro learning in U.S.A

the tenor, was the first singer of the race to be acclaimed internationally as a great artist. Brigadier Benjamin O. Davis is the first Negro to be made a General in the United States Army. Langston Hughes is a poet, novelist and playwright. Representative Arthur Mitchell is the only Negro in Congress. Dr. W. E. DuBois, Sociologist and Professor at Atlanta University, for many years edited *The Crisis*, most influential Negro magazine. Eunice Carter is one of New York's District Attorneys. Charles C. Spaulding is a great Negro financial wizard, and head of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company. Labour Leader Asa Philip Randolph is President of the Brotherhood of Sleeping-car Porters, most powerful of Negro Trade Unions.

In politics there are conspicuous examples of the prestige of the Negroes in America. In Congress there is a Negro; there are Negroes in the Diplomatic and Consular Service, Negro Members of State Legislatures, Negroes elected to political offices, Negro Judges and Justices of the Peace and Negro Members of City Councils.

In 1937 there were one hundred Negroes listed in America's *Who's Who*.

American Negroes have not forgotten that their ancestors were brought in

chains against their will, in a filthy inhuman ship, as slaves to the United States by the British. In view of this fact the American Negro Press was almost one hundred per cent isolationist. The Negro isolationist point of view was brilliantly stated by G. S. Schuyler in the *Pittsburgh Courier*. The Negroes should only fight to obtain their Magna Carta. Schuyl.r, a Left-wing Socialist, is the most powerful Negro political columnist in the United States. His pungent pen has played an immense part in the struggle for Negro progress.

Roy Wilkins, the editor of *The Crisis*, organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, has violently criticised the British Government for its repressive policy in the West Indies. Wilkins is a leader writer in the *Amsterdam-Star News* of New York.

Negroes were the pioneers in American pugilism. The champion today is another Negro—Joe Louis. A knock-out blow from his fist wins more respect for the cause of the Negro than a hundred petitions placed on the table of the House of Representatives. Jesse Owens, greatest individual hero of the 1936 Olympics, holds more world track records than any other American athlete.

Negroes have applied their inventive talents to a wide range of subjects. These include: clothing, household furnishings, electrical devices, aeronautics, chemical compounds, mechanical devices, etc.; metal work, psychological devices, etc. It is estimated that Negroes hold patents on more than 4,000 inventions.

Noble music has sprung from the Negroes—the melodies of an enslaved people who poured out their longings, their griefs and their aspirations in the one great universal language. This music is America's only folk music and the finest distinctive artistic contribution she has to offer the world. Negro Spirituals, plantation and work songs, the plaintive note of the blues and its characteristic idioms, have formed an inexhaustible fountain of material for composers.

I often wonder what is the reaction of an Englishman when he visits Harlem for the first time and witnesses the idiosyncrasies of the Negroes. They are always singing and dancing, and you can be entertained on the side walk with impromptu scenes which convulse every one with laughter. There was depression when I was in America just before war broke out, but if you landed in Harlem you wouldn't know it, for the coloured people are bountifully endowed with happiness and seem to worry about nothing.

In the United States of America there is no united front against the Negro, despite the horrors and intense prejudice one hears so much about in the outer world. Mrs. Roosevelt is actively working to break down the colour bar. She employs Negroes at her home and has been flown by Negro pilots. America's No. 1 Lady has given the lie to the Southern State lynchers. She has shown that the better the Negro is treated the better he responds to modern conditions.

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

Tom Sawyer

Reviewed by NEGLEY FARSON

Anything that concerns a man's childhood touches him very nearly. Here the author of 'Behind God's Back' takes up the cudgels against the English illustrators who have all but ruined for him one of the idolatries of his boyhood

THE two English editions I have found on sale of *Tom Sawyer* have both been illustrated, and both provide shocking evidence of the crime of allowing any living artist to tamper with a dead writer's work. You can imagine your own rage if you discovered that a modern American artist had been employed to put his interpretation upon *Handley Cross* or *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, an American who had never seen a horse. The term illustration implies some knowledge of the subject; certainly a deep reverence should be required of it. But these pretty, prissy, precious little prigs playing *at* Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, in these English illustrations, have no use except partially to destroy the loving word pictures Mark Twain gave of the raw, ragged, romantic backwoods Mississippi River life.

Worse, these damned things break a spell I have been under nearly forty-five years. For I, like millions of other Americans, was 'raised' on *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. There was not an exploit of my two heroes that I did not try to emulate. The American drawings which I first stared at, when around the mature age of six or seven, still mean as much to me as do Tenniel's in *Alice in Wonderland*. They helped a lot to make or mar my future life, I don't know which; but when I turned over the English illustrations of *Tom Sawyer* I began to wonder if, for the last forty years, I had ever known Tom Sawyer at all.

'They must have Anglicised the text,' I said helplessly to my wife; 'this is not the same thing!' We went carefully through the words; they were unchanged. But the spell had been broken. Even though I throw these two books into the waste-paper basket, I shall probably never be able to fight my way back to the old Tom and Huck again.

The reason why any other attempt than the original to illustrate *Tom Sawyer* is so unpardonable is that no matter how splendid and reverential the English artist may be, it stands in the nature of things that he can't have the American background—the subconscious knowledge—necessary for a full interpretation of these two novels (for I must attach *Huckleberry Finn* to Tom, as he was in life). It is not so much skill that is essential as the accident of inheritance. An English artist must know much more than American history, or contemporary portraits; he must have a sense of the realities of the economics, the social values, the Puritan blue-stocking mentality, the petty superstitions, and hundreds of other ingredients which only an American artist, living at that period, could have sensed in American provincial life.

The date, 1875, in which year *Tom Sawyer* was first published, runs the risk of being accepted by too many people as just a date. But, to an American who senses his America, it means that the Civil War was not so long over, that the westward expansion was just gaining its full vigour, that there were still thousands of towns in the United States which did not yet know the defiling sight of a factory smoke-stack.

Tom Sawyer, written of the slave-owning days

before 1865, deals with two American boys of an essentially English stock. The Presbyterian morality which dominated the small life of St. Petersburgh, holding, as its principal tenet, that happiness is almost a vice, made harum-scarum Tom and that gaudy outcast Huck Finn the idol of small-boy Americans, whose hearts had suffered unbearable agonies from the proprieties and the ruthlessly enforced attendance at Sunday school. Moreover, we knew in *our* hearts that Tom and Huck were not tough, did not even want to be clever in the shifty manner; that they were, above all things, *not* cruel—so, with the free hearts of admiring brothers, we took these two Mississippi boy-adventurers as the heroic stuff from which Knight Errants *make themselves*!

These English illustrations did me one service in that, by breaking the spell, they made me read *Tom Sawyer* as a work of literature. In my case, I was anxious to see if the text I revered could survive these drawings. Reading thus I did recognise Mark Twain's wit in many a place as slap-stick, smacking of the grocery store, cheap, obvious, un-subtle. Then, I reflected: should I attempt to read *Tom Sawyer* as just a book—should I not also include, in my appraisal of its literary merits, the scale of values of the people for whom Mark Twain was writing? If this book could have had such a staggering effect upon the lives of so many millions of Americans (probably more than any other book they have ever read, not excepting the Bible), why should I confine my judgment merely to its literary obligations?

It is here that I think even that most cosmopolitan critic, Somerset Maugham, misses the point. Writing of the book *Huckleberry Finn* he says that it would have been a work of genius had not Mark Twain 'had the unfortunate notion of bringing in that boring little muttonhead Tom Sawyer to ruin the last few chapters'. As a critic of literature itself Maugham is right; even we American boys, exhilarated by the straight-forward tramp quality of Huck's reasoning, were a bit put out when the devious Tom intruded; but Maugham's criticism seemed sadly complacent in the way in which the great English writer deliberately cast Tom aside as a paper-hero.

Many a modern American, weary of being a cog in our dry commercial scramble, has confidently picked up *Tom Sawyer* or *Huckleberry Finn* to find a refuge from merely living. Tom and Huck, in fact, survived to a definite period in American literary demands which—exactly like Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*—dusted off the old glories of the United States, and re-lived them again.

As if anticipating such criticisms as Maugham's, Mark Twain wrote in the preface to *Tom Sawyer*, 'Huck Finn is drawn from life; Tom Sawyer is also, but not from an individual; he is a combination of the characteristics of three boys I knew, and therefore belongs to the composite order of architecture.' In other words, Tom Sawyer is synthetic; Huck Finn is authentic.

Frankly, when I think about it, I prefer *Huckleberry Finn*. Huck Finn is just as honest a picture of himself, just as three-dimensional, just as pictorial of his type, his America, as Madame Bovary is of a French petty provincial woman, her type, her France, her Normandy of that time. And *Huckleberry Finn's* place in literature should be just as permanent. But, as I don't always 'think about it' first, I must say that when I think of Mark Twain I always associate his name with the inferior book: *Tom Sawyer*.

I think that Mark Twain himself, Mr. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, must be fully known in order to excuse some things and appreciate the many others which have gone into *Tom Sawyer's* making. For example, there are few of even ardent Mark Twain admirers who know that he wrote this bitter, ironic prayer:

> 'Oh Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with their shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire . . . for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage . . . We ask of one who is the Spirit of Love and who is ever the faithful refuge and friend of all sore beset who seek his aid . . . Grant our prayer, Oh Lord . . . Amen.'

Mark Twain wrote that protest against war in the last century. It holds good for our day. And, knowing it, you can forgive Mark Twain for his cheap wise-cracks about the Pyramids and the European scene in *Innocents Abroad*, published 1869, six years before *Tom Sawyer; A Tramp Abroad*, 1880, published five years after *Tom Sawyer*. Consider these as literary lapses, although the first won him national, almost world-wide popularity; and the last, after his established success with *Tom Sawyer*, could not do anything, perhaps, to harm him. In 1884 he produced the immortal *Huckleberry Finn*, and then again relapsed to write the un-funny vulgarity, *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*. The performance seems impossible.

Yet there is an explanation. *Tom Sawyer, Life on the Mississippi*—the story of when Mark Twain was 'learning the river' to become a steamboat pilot—and *Huckleberry Finn* are deeply nostalgic books. And with nostalgia you have almost invariably the same phenomenon in an artist or a writer; it raises him far above his normal powers. It is not that they see the past with rose-tinted spectacles, but they see it shorn of much irrelevant detail.

So with *Tom Sawyer*. Impelled by what I read, I, too, climbed out at midnight to slide down the back porch roof—when the smell of the fields was too strong to be resisted. If Tom Sawyer could do it, did do it, why shouldn't I do it! I have tried, as well, to run away from home; down the Delaware River, having no Mississippi. And I have locked myself in the stable and tried to cut my way with my knife out of its door, just as Indian Joe was found, trying to carve his way out of the cave. I have tried to cure warts with spunk-water. But I knew it was hopeless for prosaic me to try and emulate Tom and Huck and witness a graveyard murder.

Deep down in *Tom Sawyer* there are many valuable truths. Witness, for example, the attitudes of the two boys towards the negro Jim —a slave. The *obligations* they felt towards him. *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are probably truer expositions of the morals of slave-owning days than is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The last is essentially a propagandist tract, with all the bias that that implies. In Aunt Polly you are given an accurate portrait of the American provincial woman of the immediate post-pioneer epoch. Uneducated, yet shrewd; soft-hearted, yet cruelly superstitious. A backward, unheroic, yet endearing type. Tom uses the word 'aristocrat'; and you note that the feud between the 'fine' families down the lower river is essentially between 'gentlemen'. These distinctions prevailed in that backwoods American existence. They help to fill in the picture with the drunken Muff Potter and Huck's Pap. With a work such as *Madame Bovary* learned critics will strain philosophy itself to find words worthy of describing what Flaubert 'meant'. I have never read anywhere anyone trying to 'figure out' just what Mark Twain meant.

Perhaps that is because they do not consider his uncouth American mind worth analysing. But it might be that, unlike most European writers, he did not worry much about what he meant: he just said it. So, for some people, *Tom Sawyer* will never be a book of great importance.

WHAT AMERICA IS READING

FICTION

The Keys of the Kingdom, A. J. Cronin (68).
Saratoga Trunk, Edna Ferber (62)
The Sun is my Undoing, Marguerite Steen (61)
Windswept, Mary Ellen Chase (79)
Wild is the River, Louis Bromfield (39)
Botany Bay, Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (35)
One Red Rose Forever, Mildred Jordan (12)
All that Glitters, Frances Parkinson Keyes (10)
Mr. and Mrs. Cugat, Isabel Scott Rorick (9)
Storm, George R. Stewart (9)
A Leaf in the Storm, Lin Yutang (8)
The Strange Woman, Ben Ames Williams (8)
My Friend Flicka, Mary O'Hara (7)
The G-String Murders, Gypsy Rose Lee (5)
Mrs. Appleyard's Year, Louise Andrews Kent (5)
Above Suspicion, Helen MacInnes (4)
This Above All, Eric Knight (4)
The New Hope, Joseph C. and Freeman Lincoln (3)

NON-FICTION

Berlin Diary, William Shirer (64)
Inside Latin America, John Gunther (58)
Reading I've Liked, Clifton Fadiman (41)
That Day Alone, Pierre van Paassen (34)
A Treasury of Gilbert and Sullivan, Deems Taylor (22)
Reveille in Washington, Margaret Leech (20)
Big Family, Bellamy Partridge (17)
Secret History of the American Revolution, Carl Van Doren (15)
Soap Behind the Ears, Cornelia Otis Skinner (13)
Low Man on a Totem Pole, H. Allen Smith (12)
Subtreasury of American Humour, E. B. and Katharine S. White (9)
Two-Way Passage, Louis Adamic (9)
Young Man of Caracas, T. R. Ybarra (9)
The Birds of America, John James Audubon (8)
The White Cliffs, Alice Duer Miller (8)
Clarence Darrow for the Defence, Irving Stone (7)
No Life for a Lady, Agnes Morley Cleaveland (6)
Is Tomorrow Hitler's? H. R. Knickerbocker (5)
Lanterns on the Levee, William Alexander Percy (4)
The American Sporting Scene, John Kieran (3)
Black Lamb and Grey Falcon, Rebecca West (3)
Collected Sonnets, Edna St. Vincent Millay (3)
The Managerial Revolution, James Burnham (3)
The New Yorker Album (3)
No Other Road to Freedom, Leland Stowe (3)
A Thousand Shall Fall, Hans Habe (3)
Winter in Vermont, Charles Edward Crane (3)

Booksellers sent 'best seller' lists from Albany, Arlington, Atlanta, Baltimore, Berkeley, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Burlington, Cedar Rapids, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Evansville, Fort Wayne, Fort Worth, Hartford, Houston, Indianopolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Nashville, Newton, New York City, Oakland, Oklahoma City, Omaha, Pasadena, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., Providence, Quincy, Richmond, Sacramento, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Seattle, Spokane, Springfield, Toledo, Trenton, Washington, Wilmington.

The figures in parenthesis show the number of mentions each book received.

March 50 years ago

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

UNTIL Richard H. Dana and Herman Melville wrote, the commercial sailor of Great Britain and the United States was without representation in literature. Dana and Melville were Americans. They were the first to lift the hatch and show the world what passes in a ship's forecastle: how men live down in the gloomy cave, how and what they eat, and where they sleep, what pleasures they take, what their sorrows and wrongs are; how they are used when they quit their black sea-parlours in response to the boatswain's silver summons to work on the deck by day or night. These secrets of the deep Dana and Melville disclosed. By doing so, they—the one by a single volume, the other by four or five remarkable narratives—expanded American literature immeasurably beyond the degree to which English literature had been expanded by, say, the works of two-thirds of the poets named in Johnson's *Lives*, or by the whole series of the Waverley Novels, or by half the fiction, together with much of the philosophy, theology, poetry, and history, that has been published since the death of Charles Dickens.

IT is somewhat startling to know that nearly three railway servants are killed in America for every one that is killed in England, *pro rata*.

For the year ending June 30th, 1889, among all railroad employees there was one death for every 357, and one injury for every 35, while amongst trainmen alone there was one death for every 117, and one injury for every 12. That improvement is possible is shown at once by the fact that in England there is amongst all employees only one death for every 875, and one injury for every 158 men employed. . . . The totals are really appalling: 22,000 men were killed and injured in the railroad service of the United States in 1889, and 25,000 in the following year. Of these, in round numbers, 2,000 were killed in 1889 and 2,500 in 1890. Let us try now by comparison to bring home what these figures mean. At Gravelotte, where the loss was heaviest in the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans lost 20,577 men. Wellington won Waterloo and Meade Gettysburg with a loss of 23,185 and 23,003 respectively, and the total loss on both sides at Shiloh in two days' murderous fighting did not reach 24,000. . . .

SO much has been said in condemnation of Tammany that it is a refreshing change to find a man who has the courage to say that of all the blessed institutions in America the most beatific is the much-abused Tammany. Mr. Croker says: 'The city of New York to-day contains a political organisation which, in respect of age, skilful management, unity of purpose, devotion to correct principles, public usefulness and, finally, success, has no superior, and, in my opinion, no equal, in political affairs the world over. Its system is admirable and works excellently well. There are now twenty-four assembly districts in the county, represented in an executive committee by one member from each district. . . . This member is a citizen of repute, always a man of ability and good executive training. If he were not, he could not be permitted to take hold or hold his place. If he goes to sleep or commits overt acts that shock public morality, he is compelled to resign.'

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and Tammany, like other things, must stand or fall by the result. But according to Mr. Croker, Tammany has nothing to fear from such a test: 'Our streets are clean and are in good order as to the paving, except where certain corporations tear them up and keep their rents gaping. Our city is well watered, well lighted, and well parked. It is conceded that we have the best police and fire departments in the world. Our docks are being rapidly improved, and will compare, when completed, with the Liverpool and London docks. Our tax-rate is lower than that of dozens of other American cities whose affairs are not nearly so well administered.'

THE AMERICAN MESSAGE

BOOKS BY AMERICANS OR ABOUT AMERICA

NOT FOR THE MEEK

By Elizabeth D. Kaup. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

This enormous novel—almost 500 closely-printed pages—is the life-story of an American steel magnate born in Denmark. No doubt Mr. Knudsen, a Danish workman who rose to be virtual head of General Motors, must have felt some anxiety when he read about the book. Martin Lyndendaal the hero of the book married an aristocratic beauty who also had brains, was disappointed by his wastrel son and not too satisfied with his two daughters. He loved few people; his cousin and his cousin's daughter being two of the few. His story against a carefully sketched background of the last fifty years is told with gusto and sensitive understanding, but there is far too much moralising and philosophical ballast in the book which could have been cut safely. Martin's figure, however, is life-size and a host of minor characters also come to life. P.T.

CAPE HORN

By Felix Riesenberg. *Hale.* 18s.

In anyone else's hands such a subject might be boring and over-specialised, but Lieut.-Commander Riesenberg is a sailor who can spin a yarn as good as the tales of Melville or Conrad. Cape Horn, the forbidding southern outpost of the American Continent, has a fascinating part in the history of discoveries from Magellan to Drake, from Schouten to Darwin. The author proves with great erudition where the 'vanished' island of Francis Drake must have been located, and tells much about his own numerous voyages round the Horn. There are a number of informative appendices and some magnificent illustrations. Though on a specialised subject this is definitely a book for the general reader. P.T.

INTRODUCING CHARLES DICKENS

By May Lamberton Becker. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

This book will probably give pleasure to many lovers of Dickens—with the exception of the more serious students. The well-known 'life' is told again with considerable knowledge and not a little sentimentality, which, however, will not unduly disturb the devotees of Dickens to whom the book is intended to appeal. The illustrations are unfortunately chosen, especially the line drawings, which are either ludicrous or merely dull. J.H.B.

FLORIDA LAND OF CHANGE

By Kathryn Trimmer Abbey. University of North Carolina Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 21s.

The exclusive glamour of Miami and Palm Beach is the main facet of Florida life in the average mind. Yet this most southerly peninsula of North America has a fascinating history connected closely with Spanish, French and British colonial expansion and the American Civil War. Miss Abbey, a professor of history at the Florida State College for Women, has succeeded in making this complicated history of many strands alive and interesting; she has also shown remarkable freedom from bias. From the legendary days of Ponce de Leon to the strangely philanthropist capitalism of Messrs. Plant and Flagler she traces the development of this amazing state. Economics and national clashes form the main subject of the well-illustrated book, but there is also a moving section dedicated to the tragedy of the vanishing Indian. P.T.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD: THE STORY OF MY GRANDMOTHER

By Dionis Riggs. *Lane.* 12s. 6d.

Miss Riggs' grandmother was an intrepid lady; she went to sea with her whaling captain husband. From the Sandwich Islands to Cape Horn, from Pitcairn to the Azores she followed him faithfully for five years. Martha's Vineyard, a tiny island off the coast of Nantucket, has a special glamour for Americans; it lacks such an attraction in British eyes, and the book has the effect of a not-too-important family album. The pictures are simply frightening. P.T.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

By Upton Sinclair. *Werner Laurie.* 10s. 6d.

This stupendous novel—well over 200,000 words—is the middle part of the great American Socialist author's trilogy of the last forty years. It is nobly conceived and teems with interesting figures—though perhaps there are rather too many of them. Also, the company and its settings are oddly cosmopolitan and 'high life' for the author of *The Jungle.* Yet whatever Sinclair touches becomes interesting and provocative, and young Lanny Budd's peregrinations among mistresses, friends, the arts, and the way he marries a multi-millionairess maiden, are well worth reading. Beyond doubt, one looks forward to the third part and regrets having missed the first, though each novel is to be self-sufficient. P.T.

I FIND TREASON

The Story of an Anti-Nazi Agent. By Richard Rollins. *Harrap*. 10s. 6d.

On 9th February 1933, the author of this book attended a meeting in a swastika-decorated Turnhalle, New York City, and on that night, he writes: 'I lost my complacency about democracy and its unassailable foundations.' He was, perhaps, the first man in America to realise the magnitude of the Nazi threat to the integrity of the United States. More important, he acted on that realisation. Voluntarily and alone, he set about exposing the activities of the various Nazi groups that showed an ultra-nationalistic face, but were in reality the tools of the Third Reich. Mr. Rollins' efforts were successful, and in due course he received official recognition by being made Chief Investigator for the McCormack Committee on Un-American Activities. The story of his investigations is told here in terse and lively fashion, and the text is illustrated with many pieces of interesting documentary evidence.

J. H. E.

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

The Western State System in Transition. By Frederick L. Schuman. *McGraw-Hill Publishing Company*. 28s.

In its scope, learning and vivacity this book is unique. It is an example of American scholarship at its best: immense knowledge put at the disposal of the general reader in an eminently readable fashion without for a moment vulgarising the subject or minimising its complexities. Professor Schuman first traces the rise of world society *via* the City State, the Roman Empire, the balancing of power between 1500 and 1815, and that 'unique era' between Waterloo and Sarajevo which saw a revolutionised technology, the substitution of a new economic system, the increasing power of the bourgeoisie and the growth of a new class—the industrial proletariat, 'progress', the spread of European civilisation throughout the world, the appearance of two new Great Powers in Europe—Italy and Germany, the emergence of the United States and Japan. 'All these developments,' writes Professor Schuman, 'were without parallel or precedent in the past. Out of them has evolved the world society of the twentieth century.' Professor Schuman then examines the nature of this world order in some detail, dealing with international law, the practice of diplomacy, the settlement of disputes, and the dream of world unity which, with the collapse of the League, vanished and set the stage for the world anarchy we know to-day. An analysis of this state of anarchy forms a large part of the book. The economic, political, and psychological factors are succinctly dealt with, the chapters on patriotism and imperialistic struggles being particularly illuminating. In appeasement and 'the Maginot mind' Professor Schuman sees the cardinal sins of the democracies, and he entitles his chapter dealing with them: 'How to Avoid Survival.' There is, of course, much to be said for this view, but some readers will nevertheless find the Darwinian *Weltanschauung* behind it scarcely convincing. Mere strength, mere physical fitness to survive, is inadequate and perhaps self-contradictory. The greatest issues are moral and spiritual in character, and no purely political or economic arrangement can resolve them. But the present volume is entitled *International Politics*, and with that complex of subjects it treats brilliantly and exhaustively. In view of the increasing closeness of Anglo-American collaboration, it is interesting to note that Professor Schuman believes that 'The only practicable basis for the nucleus of a world federation is to be found in a union of the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations. Such a union would possess overwhelming power to police the world and prevent any restoration of a world balance of power. Such a union could, therefore, abolish power politics and undertake to unite the world in the service of ideals of freedom, implemented by a new conception of a collectivist, democratic society.' Each chapter is concluded with an extremely useful list of titles for further reading, and there are many fine maps.

J. H. E.

SIXTY YEARS OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

By George Dewey Harmon. University of North Carolina Press. *Humphrey Milford*. 30s.

From 1789 to 1850 the United States had not only to win their complete independence and stabilise it, but also to settle one of the most tragic and vital problems of their existence—the Indian question. Mr. Harmon, who teaches American history at Lehigh University has refrained severely from dramatising or romanticising his story. The long-drawn out disputes, treaties, meetings, bills, law-suits, the tragic tale of the Creeks and Cherokees, the severe, almost inhuman Indian-phobia of Andrew Jackson make sombre but fascinating reading. To understand the Redskin's Doom, one should certainly read *Sixty Years of Indian Affairs*.

P. T.

PROPAGANDA AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Philip Davidson. University of North Carolina Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 40s.

Now that propaganda has become one of the major intellectual problems of our time a book examining the propaganda methods of the past is always welcome. Professor Davidson's scholarly work deals with both the loyalist and revolutionary propaganda of the American War of Independence. His most interesting though somewhat disillusioning conclusion is that a great many phases of this revolution were not spontaneous but carefully fostered by the patriots, with varying motives. But at the same time he shows how the propaganda of conviction carries a far larger weight than automatically mouthed phrases. A long and well-written book which is carefully indexed and authenticated. P. T.

INDIANA

Oxford University Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 28s.

The *American Guide Series* is an important undertaking in the framework of the Work Projects Administration in the United States: an essential 'sideline' in the New Deal. The 'Hoosier State' has produced such divergent celebrities as Booth Tarkington and Wendell Willkie, Theodore Dreiser and Elmer Davis. It is not a very large state but it has much of interest and charm. Various chapters deal with archæology, Indians, history, education, folk-lore and folk-ways, music and the theatre, literature, etc.; there is a detailed description of the principal cities from the industrial power of East Chicago to Robert Owen's *New Harmony*, and the third part gives twenty tours with many descriptive notes. The rotogravure illustrations are extremely well-chosen. The English reader who acquires the book gets acquainted with a slice of American life and thought which is definitely attractive.

P. T.

REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

J. H. E. = James Harold Eastwood
P. T. = Paul Tabori

Italy under her Masters

Spurs on the Boot

THOMAS B. MORGAN, A journalist who has been in close touch with Mussolini since 1919 tells an entertaining and informative behind-the-scenes story of modern Italy, shedding light on the internal political and economic situation. 9/- *net*

Just Published

How Strong is Japan?

NOEL BARBER. A companion volume to *How Strong is America?* Facts and figures of Japan's strength and a careful estimate of her capacity for a long war.

Maps and diagrams. 6/- *net*

HARRAP BOOKS

Minerva Books

THE MEN FROM JAVA

By Jean Malaquais

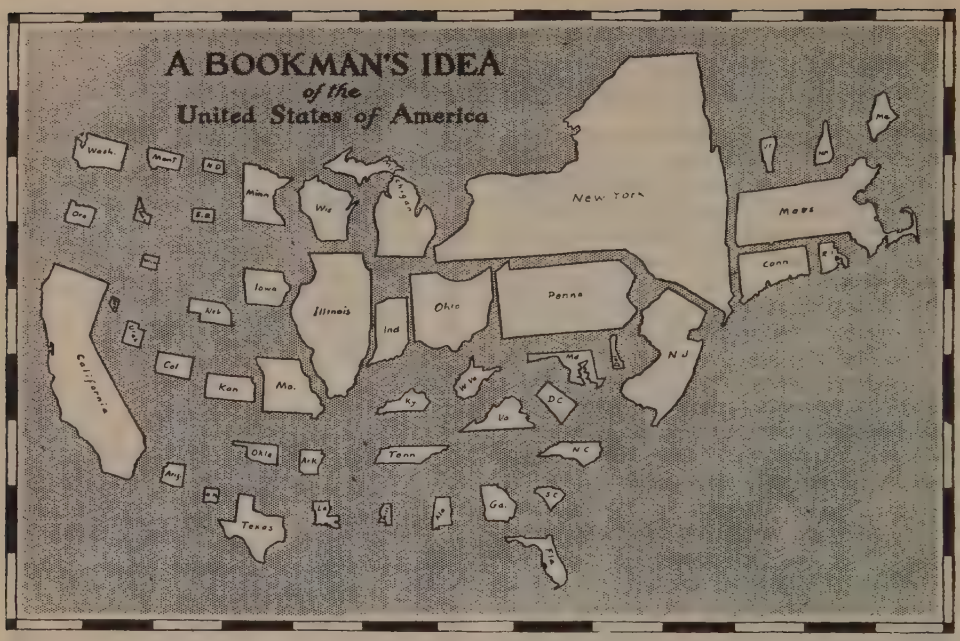
'It is reasonable to assert that few first novels of the year will measure up to the intellectual standard set by this psychopathic study. . . . *The Men from Java* emerges as a durable and powerful piece of writing.'—*Cavalcade.* 7s. 6d. net

POLISH PAINTING

By Henryk Gotlib

Preface by R. H. Wilenski. With 200 illustrations. The author traces the development of his country's art from the Middle Ages to the present day, assessing its value and studying the influences which in the course of ten centuries have moulded it to unfamiliar forms of beauty and technical skill. Quarto. 21s. net (*March*)

• *Minerva Publishing Company* •



KEY

The size of each state has been fixed in exact proportion to the percentage of the nation's book purchases made within its borders. Massachusetts is twenty times its normal size. Nevada one-fiftieth its normal size. How the size of each state as drawn on the map compares with the normal scale is shown in the following table of ratios. These were obtained by comparing each state's percentage of the total book sales of the country with that state's percentage of the total area of the United States. The table also gives each state's percentage of the total book sales of the United States.

STATE	RATIO	PER CENT OF U.S. SALES
Alabama	1 to 4	·44
Arizona	1 to 10	·29
Arkansas	1 to 5	·38
California	2 to 1	10·10
Colorado	1 to 5	·72
Connecticut	13 to 1	2·28
Delaware	2½ to 1	·21
District of Columbia	300 to 1	·77
Florida	2 to 5	·80
Georgia	2 to 5	·80
Idaho	1 to 20	·13
Illinois	3½ to 1	6·60
Indiana	1½ to 1	1·78
Iowa	2 to 3	1·22
Kansas	1 to 3	·86
Kentucky	2 to 5	·55
Louisiana	1 to 5	·37
Maine	3 to 5	·67
Maryland	$2^1/_2$ to 1	·96
Massachusetts	20 to 1	5·72
Michigan	2 to 1	3·49
Minnesota	1 to 2	1·52
Mississippi	1 to 10	·21
Missouri	4 to 5	1·74
Montana	1 to 10	·33
Nebraska	1 to 4	·68
Nevada	1 to 50	·07
New Hampshire	$1^2/_5$ to 1	·43
New Jersey	14 to 1	3·76
New Mexico	1 to 25	·15
New York	18½ to 1	30·57
North Carolina	2 to 5	·69
North Dakota	1 to 10	·24
Ohio	3 to 1	4·10
Oklahoma	1 to 5	·43
Oregon	1 to 6	·54
Pennsylvania	4½ to 1	6·98
Rhode Island	13½ to 1	·53
South Carolina	1 to 4	·29
South Dakota	1 to 10	·28
Tennessee	1 to 2	·65
Texas	1 to 6	1·53
Utah	1 to 10	·21
Vermont	Same size	·32
Virginia	2 to 3	·96
Washington	1 to 2	1·04
West Virginia	3 to 4	·57
Wisconsin	Same size	1·92
Wyoming	1 to 25	·12

Saturday Review of Literature

HOW STRONG IS AMERICA?

By Noel Barber. *Harrap.* 6s.

This little book, written before America's entry into the war, and therefore before President Roosevelt's latest production estimates, seeks to assess the material resources of America and their potentialities in the light of the demands of totalitarian war. A second section deals with the organisation of the United States fighting forces and the strength they are likely to reach within the next six months. The book contains many useful facts and figures. The style is crisp and readable, though occasionally the author descends into easy commonplaces and the phraseology of the pep talk. A chapter entitled 'Men Around Roosevelt' manages to convey to the reader exactly the impression these gentlemen themselves would no doubt wish. There are some maps and diagrams of varying usefulness by Geoffrey Dickeson. J. H. E.

THE AMERICAN NAVY

By Hanson W. Baldwin. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

This book is essentially popular in its appeal; there are no discussions of the abstruse problems that exercise the minds of navy men. Even the bomber *versus* battleship controversy is not touched upon. The book would have been more valuable if it had attempted to give the layman some guidance in such matters. Nevertheless, the book contains a great deal of information well and systematically written. Much space is devoted to the training of men, both enlisted man and officer. Subsequent sections deal with the various types of vessels and naval aircraft. A few pages are also devoted to the subject of bases and 'how the Fleet is used'. The illustrations are by André Jandot. J. H. E.

'Am I the only woman in America who isn't writing novels?' SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

Just Published

SAINT GEORGE
OR
THE DRAGON

Towards a Christian Democracy
By Lord Elton

The book for which everyone has been waiting. Lord Elton puts into words the thoughts that have been shaping in the minds of so many. All should read and consider this challenging survey of the tragic past and the obscure future in the light of the tremendous present.

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WITHOUT MALICE

by Walter Winchell, America's foremost columnist

JEERS

Mussolini for not even playing second fiddle in Italy. He's now just carrying Hitler's drum;

those at Pearl Harbour whose negligence in allowing shortage of medical supplies necessitated an over amount of amputations among the casualties;

the well-upholstered gals in snooty places still living in a fluffy world tied with a pink ribbon —trying desperately to isolate themselves from brutal reality.

CHEERS

Edgar Street, for being the shortest street in New York;

the U.S. Navy for their handling of press censorship. Lt. Comdr. J. R. Mickler (formerly of the *New York Journal American*) and his staff ironed out every kink within a week;

the sweet little old lady volunteering as air-raid warden wearing a mink coat and a tin hat;

Herbert Bayard Swope: told he was voted 'the best dressed man in America', he said, 'There's only one well dressed man today—the man in uniform '

the best New York cartoon in months, showing Hitler looking goofy, retreating from Moscow —the caption: 'Now I AM Napoleon!'

INTELLIGENCE

Nowadays you can't complain about your rheumatism—you might give away vital weather information.

The front pages reported that Gloria Vanderbilt was a few hours late for her wedding. Some of us thought she was a few years early.

When two Berlin friends meet, for their lunch of one cabbage leaf each, the first asks: 'Well, how goes the war?' His pal then leans close and says behind his hand: 'Ssshh! Der Fuehrer knows exactly. God Almighty is trying to find out. And it's none of your damn business.'

Half the people in Hollywood don't eat because they're in pictures—and the other half because they're not.

Rudolph Hess allegedly got a letter through to his old cronies in Germany telling them how well he was being treated and fed. This glowing account fell into Hitler's hands. He called a meeting of party members and read them the letter. Then he excoriated the British for undermining such a Spartan Nazi with the drug of easy living. When he finished, all of them to a man jumped up and headed for the door. 'Where are you going?' Hitler asked them.

'We are going,' they replied, licking their chops, 'to save Hess!'

WORDS IN THE WIND

In the Roosevelt Grill: 'They call her short-wave—anybody can pick her up.'

At Rogers Corner: 'He's a member of the "We'll-Lick-Japan-in-24-Hours-Club." That explains why he's doing nothing about the war.'

At the Ubangi: 'Boy, does that ham need a haircut! What's he trying to look like—Veronica Lake?'

At the Sheraton Supper Club: 'Now listen carefully—because nearly all of it is true!'

Robert Benchley (of a renowned Broadway phoney): 'That fellow's so smart no one's been able to pin anything on him since he was a baby.'

At Reuben's: a would-be wit said to Oscar Levant: 'I have often heard of you, Mr. Levant, but I have never seen you' . . . 'Now, that's a coincidence,' said Oscar, 'I have often seen you, but I have never heard of you!'

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

AMERICAN PANORAMA

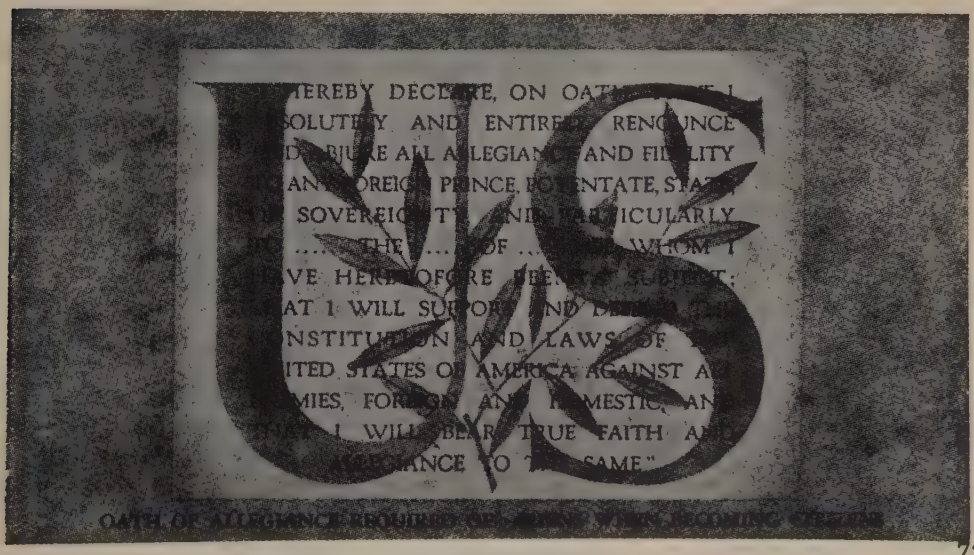
BALLAD FOR AMERICANS

. . . I'm the everybody who's nobody, I'm the nobody who's everybody . . .
Are you an American?
Am I an American?
I'm just an Irish, Negro, Jewish, Italian,
French and English, Spanish, Russian,
Chinese, Polish, Scotch, Hungarian,
Litvak, Swedish, Finnish, Canadian,
Greek and Turk, and Czech and double Czech American!
Holy mackerel!
And that ain't all. I was baptised Baptist, Methodist,
Congregationalist, Lutheran, Atheist, Roman Catholic,
Orthodox Jewish, Presbyterian, Seventh-Day Adventist,
Mormon, Quaker, Christian Scientist—and lots more.
You sure are something.
Our country's strong, our country's young
And her greatest songs are still unsung.
From her plains and mountains we have sprung
To keep the faith with those who went before.
We—nobodies who are anybody believe it.
We—anybodies who are everybody have no doubts.
Out of the cheating,
Out of the shouting,
Out of the murders and lynching,
Out of the windbags,
The patriotic spouting,
Out of uncertainty and doubting,
Out of the carpet bag and the brass spittoon.
It will come again,
Our marching song will come again,
Simple as a hit tune,
Deep as our valleys,
High as our mountains,
Strong as the people who made it.

For I have always believed it,
And I believe it now,
And you know who I am.

Who are you?
America!
America!
America!

Fortune



OATH OF ALLEGIANCE REQUIRED OF ALIENS WHO BECOME CITIZENS

AMERICANS

America is vast. Her greatness and variety are apparent not only in her prairies and mountains, her immense, bustling cities and large number of important, small towns, her climate and her lakes—but most of all in her people. The melting-pot has boiled over a thousand times and produced an astonishing crop of men. Here are some of America's sons to prove the vastness and variety. You can find here almost every nation and race, reformed and reincarnated in Modern America

From the John Bull strength of HARLAN F. STONE, *Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—*

to the happy Latin fire of New York's Little Flower" MAYOR LA GUARDIA—

from the Irish wit of COLONEL WILLIAM Y. DONOVAN, *first World-War Hero and Roosevelt's trouble-shooter—*

to Danish-born WILLIAM KNUDSEN, *'midwife of American production'*

Take your choice of race and country—

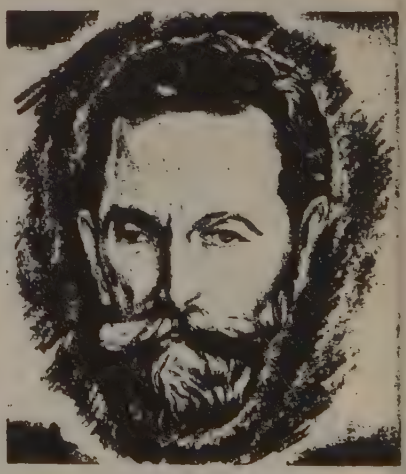
SCOTSMAN?

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH,
poet, playwright, Congress Librarian

SPANIARD?

JOHN DOS PASSOS,
novelist, chronicler of post-1918 America

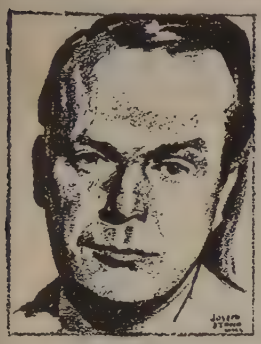
HUNGARIAN?



JOSEPH PULITZER,
founder of fearless journals and literary prizes

ALL!

Yet all of them—
whether they
be Irish, like



VINCENT SHEEAN,
first great American reporter turned novelist—

and

FRANCIS BIDDLE, *Atto .al*

or Latins, like

SENATOR MARTIN DIES,
who made Axis rats scuttle

or Jews, like

SOL BLOOM,
President Foreign Affairs Committee

and

HENRY MORGENTHAU, *Secretary of The Treasury*

or Germans, like

the boy from Indiana
who almost became President

they are all Americans,
haters of Hitler
and lovers of Democracy—
our allies
in War and Peace!

God's Crucible

What is this America we are going all-out to defend?

It is a combination of many things.

America is beauty.

It is the craggy coasts of Maine. It is the Grand Canyon in the changing colours of evening. . . It is a grain field rippled by a prairie breeze. It is children playing in a water sprinkler. It is a suburban lawn in Maryland, and it is a Missouri blackberry thicket.

It is the exquisite lines of the Lincoln Memorial. It is a scythe swinging through the alfalfa. It is the crunch of snow on a city street and the smell of roasting peanuts. It is the night skyline of New York and the day skyline of Miami. It is the French quarter in New Orleans, Dock Street in Charleston, Chinatown in San Francisco. . . . It is the broad, brown back of a sweating stoker. It is the cool, deep pine forests of Washington.

America is achievement.

It is the Battle of Bunker Hill and the camp at Valley Forge. It is the preamble to the Constitution. It is the serried stacks of a steel mill. It is mines and great bridges. It is Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg. It is Edison working in his laboratory. . . .

It is the triumph over typhoid, and smallpox and yellow fever. It is Mark Twain and Walt Whitman. It is 30 million automobiles and 50 million radios. . . . It is DiMaggio hitting safely in 56 consecutive baseball games. It is the Empire State Building.

It is Harvard University and it is a backwoods college where crafts are taught to the mountain people. . . . It is Wall Street. . . .

America is opportunity.

It is a farmhouse without electric lighting. It is the fetid air of a city slum. It is men arguing that free speech is dangerous. It is a woman too poor to pay for a doctor and too proud to beg for one. It is a Polish immigrant in a sweatshop. . . . It is a Negro denied admission to a university. . . . It is the Dust Bowl.

It is a plate of turnips on a sharecropper's table. It is an overcrowded hospital for the insane. It is a lynching. . . It is all the ills and inadequacies that our people can correct if they have the courage and the vision.

What a country America can be if it will preserve its beauty and its strength, fortify its achievements, and rise to its manifold opportunities!

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Mr. Roosevelt

There is only one man who can draw America forth—and he lives in the White House.

The sympathy of every American who sees this crisis clearly goes out to that man in the terrible responsibility that he bears. But with the sympathy goes a firm demand. No democratic government, including even Mr. Churchill's, has yet asked of its people as much as the people are prepared to give. Mr. Roosevelt has scarcely begun to ask. His ringing voice on the radio proclaiming a national emergency—after which nothing happens—is not enough. He must now draw forth, *by action*, the tide of American will; a tide which is rising to the flood.

Those who understand—as Mr. Roosevelt himself understands—the profundity of the issues that America faces today, make this demand upon their President: ask Americans for victory. You will in that event *get* victory. *Fortune*

Off the Record

In 1934 I returned to the United States for six months' leave that was due to me. Instead, I was told off to write up the strikes that were sweeping my country from coast to coast. I began with the President. There were fifty or sixty of the cleverest newspaper correspondents in the world in that little room in the White House. Wall Street and Big Business were shrieking that Roosevelt was leading the country straight to hell. In some districts they were already using tear-gas and machine-guns against the strikers. The chinch-bug was eating the maize crops of the Middle West; the wheat was rusting . . . The Press was against the President to a paper. These calamities, plus the papers, had scared

the country into a state of frenzy. And there sat the man who, a hundred years from now, will probably be rated as America's greatest President —playing mental Badminton with the most hard-boiled brains in the newspaper world.

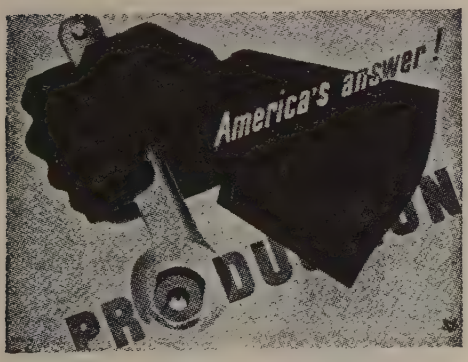
'Mr. President, don't you think it was a mistake when you did so-and-so?' 'Of course I do. It was an experiment.' 'Mr. President, could you tell us what you are going to do about——?' 'Listen, boys, this is off the record. What I'm going to do is just this. . . .'

These cynical men looked at him admiringly. Their big newspaper owners might be throwing fits, if you but mentioned Roosevelt's name; but these men loved him. Here was a man who meant well by America. And he knew what was well. They were tired of having 'just folks' in the White House, or self-made men with the Wall Street or Big Business mentality; the type which knows the answer to everything.

This great man, waiting until all the other correspondents had left the room, slowly stuffed a fresh cigarette in its long holder. Then he turned to me with a smile: 'Well. . . how'd you like it?'

I wanted to cheer. Roosevelt was the one unworried man I had met since I stepped off the steamer at New York, and, looking at him, I knew that I was facing the greatest humanitarian President the United States has had since Lincoln.

Time and Tide



The answer is one word

Self-Sufficient

MANY Americans are still under the delusion that we are self-sufficient. If the people had understood clearly how many essential materials we must bring from outside, the isolationists' case would not have stood up as long as it did.

Look

At Home

IN future New York will have its own 'Mansion House', in which the city's mayors, starting with Mr. La Guardia, will live.

It is the Gracie Mansion on East River, an historic colonial-style house, the earlier parts of which were built 142 years ago by Archibald Gracie, owner of a fleet of clipper ships. Since 1927 it has been a museum.

It will be the first official residence of New York mayors.

Daily Telegraph

Not so Splendid Isolation

WHILE we cannot impose freedom, America can and must take part in maintaining peace in the world. We can contribute more to it if we are not exhausted morally, economically, and militarily by sending our boys into this war. . . . The last World War cost us $40,000,000,000 in debt and taxes in three years. Since then we have paid another $40,000,000,000 in interest and in support of its disabled, its widows, orphans, and veterans. We may assume one-third of our people are today under-housed, underfed, underclothed, and under-educated. And the last war was largely the cause of that poverty. . . . Let us never forget we came over the ocean to this oasis of liberty. We extended this oasis greatly by mighty streams of freedom. They were dug and builded by the toil of our fathers and defended with their blood. Are we now to march out into the desert of European war and see the wells of freedom dried up behind us?

HERBERT HOOVER

The Tune Changes

AMERICAN soil has been treacherously attacked by Japan. We must fight with everything we have.

HERBERT HOOVER

The New Freedom

THE concept of freedom is meaningless in any projection of the United States as the *only* free country—that is, in isolation. If Hitler destroys freedom everywhere else, it will perish here. Ringed around by a world hostile to our way of life, we should be forced to become a great military power. Our economy would be crushed by a weight of armament and the indispensable economic controls. We should

find ourselves dominated and virtually owned by our own government—a people in slavery to the state. Industry and trade, labour and agriculture would become part of a state system, which, in its own self-defence, would have to take on the character of Hitler's system. Such—encouraged by German agents—would be the inevitable result of a closed and isolated United States.

In the light of this fact, and of recent history, it is clear that a new—indeed a radical—concept of human freedom must emerge. And concerning this concept two general conditions can be set forth.

First, the freedom of the future cannot be the old freedom of *laissez faire*. It must allow for a much greater degree of socialisation: the socialisation, for instance, of basic utilities and basic human benefits. Yet it must at the same time stand as a guarantee that property, enterprise, opportunity, and the civil liberties will not fall into the hands of the state.

Secondly, the new concept of freedom cannot be national. It must be international. The underlying principles of freedom, such as the civil liberties and the open, competitive market, must be recognised as transcending nationality, and as such must be used to bind certain nations together into a compact and dynamic area of freedom. We must establish an entirely different kind of international order; we must bring forth a new world.

Fortune

A Madman's Dream

ARTHUR SZYK

Candidate for Fuehrer

I AM absolutely certain in my mind that Lindbergh is pro-Nazi; that Lindbergh hates the present democratic system; that Lindbergh intends to remake that system and emerge as America's saviour and that Lindbergh intends to be President of the United States, with a new party along Nazi lines behind him.

Lindbergh believes that his hour will come about 1944, when he thinks Britain will have lost the war, confusion will reign in America, and collaboration with Hitler will have become highly desirable to certain American interests. I cannot prove that what I say of Lindbergh is true. I have no 'inside dope'. But I know what I say of Lindbergh is true because I recognise something familiar. I recognise the manner, the attitude, the behaviour of the crowds, the nature of Lindbergh's following, the equivocal speech, the sentiments that are played to, the line of reasoning that is no reasoning.

I knew from his very first speech, a speech that on the face of it was harmless, that in a few months he would come out openly against the Jews. I recognised the face; I knew the handwriting. This man has a notion to be our Fuehrer. I'd been expecting him to come along; for the Fuehrer complex is contagious, and in every country some people catch it. I didn't know what his name would be; I didn't know what his background would be. But I knew what he would say.

He would be a '100-per-cent' American. He would be an anti-New Dealer. He would be free of the 'taint' of politics. He would be anti-British and pro-German but in a veiled manner.

DOROTHY THOMPSON

Another Face Saved

WE have been stepping closer to war for many months. Now it has come, and we must meet it as united Americans regardless of our attitude in the past toward the policy our Government has followed. Whether or not that policy has been wise, our country has been attacked by force of arms, and by force of arms we must retaliate. . . . CHARLES LINDBERGH in *Time*

The Blind Eye

'NO Frontier News Service' asks: Do you know that applicants for American visas are asked to state whether they are Communists or Anarchists, but not whether they are Fascists or Nazis?

Home, Sweet Home

WE were sitting in what our landlord describes as the garden behind our house when the cook brought out a man in a derby hat. During the past year the city housing authorities have been very busy in our neighbourhood, tearing down walls, moving fire escapes, and rearranging things generally. Naturally, we thought this visitor had come for the same purpose, but he hadn't.

'Inspector,' he explained, 'for when they get to tossing them bombs around.'

He stared up at the back of the four-story brownstone building, for quite a while, and then wrote briefly in a notebook.

'Look all right?' we asked as he started to leave.

'All right?' he said derisively. 'Hell, they're going to knock these kind over with baseballs.'

In this manner the crisis first impinged on our home. It was very encouraging. *The New Yorker*

This Flower, Safety

IF New Yorkers could absorb technical information as readily as they absorb broadcast dance-music, they could understand that the safest place in the city, in the event of an air-raid, is on top of the Empire State Building. Surprisingly, New York's immense skyscrapers are conceded to be the safest structures in the world at such a time. They will lose acres of windows; they will burst out in great gaps of falling bricks and exposed plumbing; the streets below will be chin-deep in wreckage. But the more exposed steel framework remaining, the less chance of a bomb concussion affecting it.

Destruction like that of Coventry, Rotterdam and Warsaw is impossible in a steel-framed city. No steel-framed building has ever been completely wrecked by an aerial bomb. None has yet become unliveable because of it. In Madrid, the International Telephone Building was bombed every few days for two years. It lost most of its exterior, but finally it sheltered great numbers of the city's bombed-out population. And its telephone exchange worked just the same.

At Washington, members of the planning section of the general staff told me: 'If you're in New York and bombs fall, stay out of subway stations, basements, any underground place of refuge. Thousands of the city's European refugees and foreign-born population will be jamming into places like that instinctively. Stay in your hotel; get up in any big steel building and read a book. Listen to your radio; it will give you more accurate information about what is going on than you could find if you joined the crowds.'

KENT SAGENDORPH in *Coronet*

Harry M. Prince, in charge of preparations for New York's Civil defence

WAR

It's We or They!

THE United States has been attacked without warning by Japan. Japanese war planes rained death from the skies upon the great naval base at Pearl Harbour in the Hawaiian Islands.

At the time these bombings occurred, representatives of the Japanese Government were conducting a series of negotiations with the State Department, ostensibly to win a peaceful settlement of the dispute between the two countries. Just before they occurred, the President of the United States had done the extraordinary thing of communicating directly with the Mikado.

To these civilised usages the Japanese have retorted with the savage reply of force; force, moreover, that came like a murderer in the dark, stealing upon his quarry unawares.

The answer is war, war to the utmost, war with all of America's great resources, with the might of her army and navy and, above all, with the hearts and souls of the American people.

Japan, the ally of Hitler, screening her warlike intentions with the honeyed language of her diplomats, has madly issued a challenge which the American people will accept with high heart and unflinching purpose.

The issue is force versus reason, savagery versus civilisation.

For more than two years this nation has watched the agonising events in Europe, in Africa and in the Orient. Now we are part of them, and we will remain part of them, if it takes one year or fifty years to re-establish the kind of world in which decent men and women can live in peace and security.

It's we or they. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Expensive Unity

THE Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbour created a spirit of unity which is almost unbelievable. This miracle, however, like everything else these days, cost far too much.

The New Yorker

The Path of Duty

AN eager lady warden, telephoned her sector warden (a friend of ours) while he was sitting in his apartment, brooding about the problems of blacking out Riverside Drive. 'Do you want me to go on the streets to-night?' she asked. *The New Yorker*

Wishful Thinking

SOVIET-RUSSIA is in the process of collapse and so is Britain. America is in a position to lure Britain to a course of self-destruction, but not to save her. . . .

The People's Tribune
(Jap-owned Review of China)

'If you want to know who we are, we are gentlemen of Japan' THE NEW YORKER

UNITED STATES OF EUROPE?

There are signs of a fresh movement to insist on a real European unity after the war and to combat another outbreak of British Isolation.

Professor Dennis Saurat has just begun a series of important lectures and popular discussions on this burning subject at the French Institute.

Professor Saurat possesses a fine record of consistency. His 'French War Aims'—published before the fall of France—advocated this very plan.

These lectures and discussions are linked with an authentic series of articles which will begin in *World Review* in May.

MILITARY experts say that Japan cannot possibly defeat the combined ABCD powers in the Pacific. The most it can hope for is a nice 'Attaboy!' from Adolf.

The New Yorker

Sunday, December 7

WAR came to us with the ball in Brooklyn's possession on the Giants' forty-five-yard line. 'Japanese bombs have fallen on Hawaii and the Philippine Islands,' a hurried voice broke in to announce. 'Keep tuned to this station for further details. We now return you to the Polo Grounds.' No more than that. Twisting the dial, we got other voices: a cheerful voice singing the tune of 'Jingle Bells' but different words ('Oh, have you seen those bridal suites at Busch's something stores?'), a sprightly voice crying 'Listen, America! We bring you good news!' . . .

Gradually, all the voices—in reality, one voice, the placid, rather foolish voice of America on Sunday afternoon—took up the incredible story from the Pacific. It came in slowly—disjointed, fragmentary, contradicting itself now and then. A man in a private plane over Diamond Head, just flying for fun, shot down by two planes coming in from the sea with the Rising Sun on their wings; Japanese parachute troops dropping on the beach at Waikiki, three hundred and fifty men killed by a direct hit on the barracks at Hickam Field, and a ship capsized and burning in Pearl Harbour; a transport loaded with lumber torpedoed and sunk a thousand miles west of San Francisco; an unidentified ship, probably an aircraft carrier, shelling the forts at Honolulu; fifty, a hundred, a hundred and fifty planes bombing Oahu.

We write this still not understanding anything very clearly ourself. The difference between being a citizen of a nation even precariously at peace and one of a nation with its outposts already under fire is hard to grasp in the middle of a football game; the old nightmare of the Yellow Peril, a comic bugaboo almost as long as we can remember, is a strange thing to have come true in the early afternoon, with the radio on and the Sunday papers still only partly read. Like practically everybody else, we've been sure for a long time that war was bound to come, but we never thought that it would come like that.

The New Yorker

THE Japanese attack upon United States possessions is one of those things which everybody can understand. It completely removed the necessity of explaining why we should go to war to defend a lot of total strangers in Thailand.

The New Yorker

Unanimity

FOR the first time in its history, the United States at war was attacked first. . . . Over the United States and its history there was a great unanswered question: 'What would the people, the 132,000,000, say in the face of the mightiest event of their time?'

What they said—tens of thousands of them—was: 'Why, the yellow bastards!'

Time

'Or Come Ye in War?'

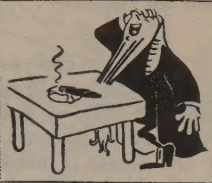
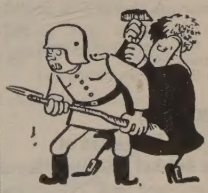
THE Japs came in from the south-east over Diamond Head. Civilians' estimates of their numbers ranged from 50 to 150. They whined over Waikiki, over the candy-pink bulk of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Some were (it was reported) big four-motored jobs, some dive-bombers, some pursuits. All that they met as they came in was a tiny private plane in which Lawyer Ray Buduick was out for a Sunday morning ride. They riddled the lawyer's plane with machine gun bullets, but the lawyer succeeded in making a safe landing. By the time he did, bombs were thudding all around the city. . . .

'It's an average American home. The General thought the men should be constantly reminded what they are fighting for.'
THE NEW YORKER

THE LIVELY ARTS

BEING A *WORLD REVIEW* GUIDE TO STAGE AND SCREEN

	Players	*Plot*	*Verdict*
TITLE *The Little Foxes* DIRECTOR *William Wyler* PRODUCER *Sam Goldwyn*	Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Charles Dingle, Dan Duryea	Avarice drives woman to kill husband, alienate daughter, win Pyrrhic victory	Grimly effective, intelligent and depressing
TITLE *Hoppity goes to Town* DIRECTOR *Dave Fleischer* PRODUCER *Paramount*	Honey the bee, Hoppity, C. Bagley-Beetle, Swat the Fly, Dick and Mary Dickens, Buzz, the Bee Scout, Jeepers Creepers, the Snail	Bugs are human — a grasshopper-Moses proves it	Not as brilliant as Disney but a little closer to reality. Some characters excellent
TITLE *Rise Above It* AUTHOR *Leslie Julian Jones* THEATRE *Comedy*	Hermione Baddely, Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, Guy Verney, Walter Crisham, Wilfred Hyder White	Sketches, songs, skits and satires	Most of it good, some of it witty, all of it acted with zest
TITLE *The Big Blockade* PRODUCER *Michael Balcon Ealing Studios*	Michael Redgrave, Frank Owen, Robert Morley, Quentin Reynolds, Albert Lieven	How and why the British Blockade helps to win the war	Propaganda cleverly grafted on plot—yet still a hybrid
TITLE *Sullivan's Travels* PRODUCER *Paramount*	Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake	Movie director wants to put real life in his pictures. Becomes a down-and-out to find it, but discovers that even the poor want comedy	Preston Sturges at his best—which is very good indeed
TITLE *Blood and Sand* PRODUCER *Fox*	Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Rita Hayworth, Nazimova	Life and death of bullfighter	Runs for two hours and holds attention 90 per cent of time. A BIG film. *Décor* particularly good

	Players	Plot	Verdict
TITLE *World Première* PRODUCER *Paramount*	John Barrymore, Frances Farmer, Sig Rumann, Fritz Field, Luis Alberni	Axis sabotage in Hollywood	Funny in spots
Soviet War News Film Agency (1) *Moscow Hits Back* (2) *November Celebrations* 1941	Russian soldiers, workers, townspeople and J. V. Stalin	(1) Townspeople defending outskirts of Moscow, making munitions and skis. Also Mr. Eden viewing frozen Germans (2) Stalin addressing armed forces in Red Square. English translation spoken by Wilfred Pickles	Almost homely news reels proving that Russians are healthy, cheerful, warmly-clad and oblivious to blizzards
TITLE *Warn That Man!* AUTHOR *Vernon Sylvaine* THEATRE *Garrick*	Judy Kelly, Gordon Harker, Basil Radford, Max Adrian, Jimmy Godden	The Man with the Cigar is going to be kidnapped, but Honest Harker foils the plot	 The old, old story, but amusing in fits
TITLES (1) *Sunset in Wyoming* (2) *Under Fiesta Stars* (3) *In Old Cheyenne* (4) *Sheriff of Tombstone* (5) *Nevada City* (6) *Bad Men of Deadwood* PRODUCER *British Lion Film Corporation*	Gene Autry; Gene Autry; Roy Rogers; Roy Rogers; Roy Rogers; Roy Rogers	(1) Ranchmen v. Lumbermen (2) Gold-miners v. Crook lawyers (3) Newspapermen v. Gangsters (4) Miners again v. Coach-robbers (5) Railway companies v. Financier (6) Law v. Lawlessness	You want to forget the war? To lie back and see furious pursuits, death struggles on brinks of precipices—and the sheriff arriving in the nick of time? With slapstick and crooning cowboy songs? Come right in
TITLE *In the Rear of the Enemy* PRODUCER *Anglo-American Film Corporation, Ltd.* (English version directed by *Herbert Marshall*)	N. Knitchkov, P. Springfield, A. Greehanin, A. Baranov	Red Army patrol leader, trapped behind German lines, manages to direct his battery's fire on enemy's guns and on himself	 Tense story of endurance and courage. Some fine ski-ing. English dialogue a little forced
TITLE *Fun and Games* AUTHOR *Douglas Furber-Manning Sherwin* THEATRE *Princes*	Sydney Howard, Richard Hearne, Arthur Riscoe, Vera Pearce, Carol Raye	Girls, gags and grotesques	Some of it quite good fun

When the first ghastly day was over, Honolulu began to reckon up the score. It was one to make the United States Navy and Army shudder. Of the 200,000 inhabitants of Oahu, 1,500 were dead, 1,500 others injured. . . . *Time*

THE government tells us that it will cost us $120,000,000,000 to defeat the Axis powers. We have to keep reminding ourselves that there is a fate worse than debt.
The New Yorker

American Humour

A RESTAURANT in Cleveland, Ohio, featured a 50-cent Hangover Breakfast: 'One jumbo orange juice, toast, coffee, two aspirins and our sympathy'. A. P.

FOR Hollywood couples who wish to be married in Phœnix, Arizona, an airline company offers a 'Package Deal'. The couple never have to leave the airport. On hand are clerk and licence, a judge, two witnesses, flowers for the bride, and a plane waiting to fly the couple back to Hollywood. *Philadelphia Record*

THE Hollywood soda fountain where Lana Turner was first seen by a movie talent scout has installed a copper plaque on a stool. The memorial message reads: 'On This Stool Sat Lana Turner When She Was Discovered'. *Time*

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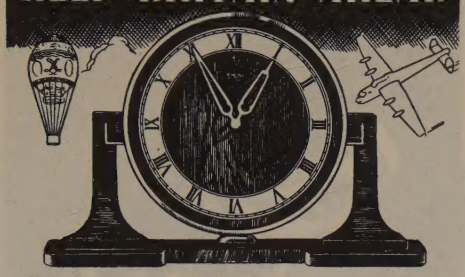

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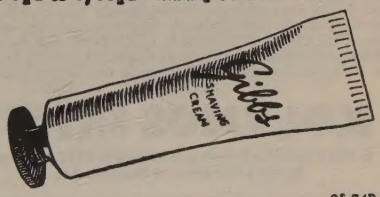

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Printed in Great Britain at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Proprietors, Review of Reviews Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd. Registered for Canadian and Newfoundland Magazine Post.